THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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DOUBTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. A. L. MUZZEY.

I said: "How the current of our poor lives seemeth
Forced in the channels our evil Genii mark;
We run in desert places and no God-eye gleameth
Through the unbroken dark;
Surely the Master dreameth."

Then spoke the Shining one (waiting to deliver Interpretations of God's mysterious ways,)
"Life is eternal, and its ends are never
Compassed in your mortal days;
But are hid with Christ forever."

I said: "In this world whosoever dareth
Fight in an unrighteous cause may win;
The good go empty-handed, and the sinless beareth
The full curse of them that sin:
Little the Master careth!"

Answered the Shining one: "Mortals err in deeming
They may trace God's paths, or His judgments understand;
Loftier is His purpose than your loftiest dreaming,
And His marvellous hand
Worketh good from evil seeming."

Bitterly I cried: "God is not just in screening
The wisdom of His dealings from our human sight.
We hunger for the Truth, yet we are only gleaning
Broken fragments of the Right;
How are we to guess His meaning?"

Thus spoke the Shining one: "Death is the revealing
Of the mysteries in this life enshrined;
It is mortal nature and not God's concealing
That doth make you blind
To the justice of His dealing."

I wept: "Oh, this life! At the best we never
Reach the highest good at which we aim;
Disappointment is the fruit of our best endeavor;
Failure, grief and shame
Crown our efforts ever!"

Pityingly the Shining one: "'Tis your Father's pleasure
To reward the faithful bearers of His Cross:
By your mortal griefs, your immortal glories measure;
By your earthly loss,
Count your Heavenly treasure!"

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XII.

DON STEFANO CONECHO.

As we related a short time back, after leaving Brighteye, Don Stefano had returned to the camp of the Gambusinos, into which he had managed to enter again unseen.

Once inside the camp, the Mexican had nothing more to fear; he went back to the fire, near which his horse was picketted, patted the noble brute, which turned toward him, and pricked up its ears at his approach, and then lay down calmly, rolled himself in his wraps, and fell asleep with that placidity peculiar to consciences at rest.

Several hours elapsed, and no sound arose to disturb the calmness that brooded over the camp. Suddenly Don Stefano opened his eyes, for a hand had been gently laid on his right shoulder.

The Mexican looked at the man who interrupted his sleep; by the light of the paling stars he recognized Domingo. Don Stefano rose, and silently followed the Gambusino. The latter led him to the entrenchments, probably with the design of speaking without fearing indiscreet ears.

"Well?" Don Stefano asked him, when the Gambusino had made a sign that he could speak.

Domingo, obeying the order he had received from Brighteye, concisely related to him all that had happened in the prairie. On learning that the Canadian had succeeded in meeting Marksman, Don Stefano gave a start of joy, and began listening to the Gambusino's story with increasing interest. When the latter at last finished, or at any rate remained silent, he asked him—

"Is that all?"

"All," the other answered.

Don Stefano drew out his purse, and took from it several gold pieces, which he handed to Domingo; the latter took them with a gesture of pleasure.

"Did Brighteye give you no message for me?" the Mexican asked again.

The other seemed to reflect for a moment.

"Ah!" he said, "I forgot; the hunter bade me tell you, Excellency, not to leave the camp."

"Do you know the reason of this recommendation?"

"Certainly; he intends to join the Cuadrilla this evening, at the ford of the Rubio."

The Mexican's brow grew dark.

"You are sure of that?" he said.

"That is what he said to me."

There was a few moments' silence.

"Good!" He then continued, "The hunter added nothing further?"

"Nothing."

"Hum," Don Stefano muttered, "after all it is of no consequence;" then, leaning heavily on the Gambusino's shoulder, he looked him fiercely in the face. "Now," he added, laying a stress upon every word, "remember this carefully; you do not know me, whatever happens; you will not breathe a syllable of the way in which we met on the prairie."

"You may be assured of it, Excellency."

"I am assured," the Mexican replied, with an accent which made Domingo tremble, brave as he was: "remember the oath you took, and the pledge you gave me."

"I shall remember."

"If you keep your promise, and are faithful to me, it will be mine to keep you from want for life—if not, look out."

The Gambusino shook his shoulders with disdain, and answered ill-temperedly—

"It is unnecessary to threaten me, Excellency, what is said is said; what is promised is promised."

"We shall see."

"If you have nothing else to recommend to me, I believe we had better separate. The day is beginning to break; my comrades will soon awake, and I fancy you are no more anxious than I am to be surprised together."

"You are right."

They then parted. Don Stefano returned to his place, while the Gambusino laid himself down where he was, and both slept, or seemed to do so.

With the first beams of the sun, Don Miguel raised the curtain of the tent, and walked toward his guest; the latter was soundly asleep. Don Miguel felt unwilling to trouble this peaceful sleep; he sat down at the fire, brought together the logs, blew them up, rolled one maize cigarette, and smoked philosophically, while awaiting his guest's awakening.

By this time all was movement in the camp; the Gambusinos were attending to their morning duties, some leading the horses to water, others lighting the fires, in order to prepare breakfast for the Cuadrilla—in short, everybody was engaged in his own way on the general behalf.

At length Don Stefano, on whose face a sunbeam had been playing for some minutes, thought it advisable to wake; he turned round, stretched his limbs, and opened his eyes, while yawning several times.

"*Caramba!*" he said, as he drew himself up, "it is day already: how quickly a night is passed; I feel as if I had been hardly an hour asleep."

"I see with pleasure that you have slept soundly, Caballero," Don Miguel said politely to him.

"What! is that you, my host?" Don Stefano exclaimed, with perfectly well acted surprise; "the day will be a happy one for me, since the first face I notice, on opening my eyes, is that of a friend."

"I accept the compliment as politeness on your part."

"On my word, no: I assure you that what I say to you is the sincere expression of my thought," the Mexican said, simply; "it is impossible to do the honors of the desert better, or comprehend the holy laws of hospitality more thoroughly."

"I thank you for the good opinion you are kind enough to have of me. I trust that you will not leave us yet, but consent to remain several days with us."

"Would I could, Don Miguel—Heaven is my witness that I should be delighted to enjoy your charming company for a short time: unfortunately, that is utterly impossible."

"Why so?"

"Alas! an imperious duty compels me to leave you this very day; I am really in despair at this vexatious mischance."

"What motive can be so powerful as to force you to leave us so suddenly?"

"A very trivial motive, and which will probably make you smile. I am a merchant of Santa Fe; a few days back, the successive failures of several houses at Monterey, with which I am extensively connected, obliged me to leave my house suddenly, in order to try and save, by my presence, a few waifs from the shipwreck with which I am threatened; I set out without asking anybody's advice, and here I am."

"But," Don Miguel objected, "you are still a long way from Monterey."

"I know it; and it is that which drives me to despair. I have a frightful fear of arriving too late; the more so, as I have been warned that the people with whom I have to do are rogues: the sums they owe me are large, and form, I am sorry to say, the largest part of my fortune."

"*Caspita!* if that is the case, I can understand that you are anxious to get there. I could not suspect that you had so serious a motive for pressing on."

"You see how it is; so pity me, Don Miguel."

All this conversation was carried on by the two men with a charming ease, and a simplicity perfectly well assumed on both sides; still neither was duped: Don Stefano, as so often happens, had committed the enormous fault of being too clever, and advancing beyond the limits of prudence, while trying to persuade this man of the sincerity of his words. This feigned sincerity had aroused Don Miguel's suspicions for two reasons: in the first place, if Don Stefano were going from Santa Fe to Monterey, he was not only off the road he ought to have followed, but was completely turning his back on those two towns—an error which his ignorance of the topography of the country made him commit without suspecting it. The second reason was equally peremptory: no merchant would have ever attempted, however grave the motive of such a journey, to cross the desert alone, for fear of the Indian bravos, the pirates, the wild beasts, and the countless other dangers, no less great, to which he would be exposed, without possible hope of escaping them.

Still, Don Miguel pretended to admit, without discussion, the reasons his guest offered him, and it was with an air of the utmost conviction that he answered—

"In spite of the earnest desire I may have of enjoying your agreeable society longer, I will not detain you, friend, for I understand how urgent it must be for you to hurry on."

Don Stefano bowed with an almost imperceptible smile of triumph.

"In short," Don Miguel added, "I wish that you may succeed in saving your fortune from the claws of those rogues; but, at anyrate, I hope, Caballero, that we shall not separate before breakfasting. I confess that your refusal to accept a share of my scanty supper last night pained me."

"Oh," Don Stefano interrupted him, "believe me, Caballero—"

"You gave me a very admirable excuse," Don Miguel continued, "but," he added, significantly, "we Gambusinos and adventurers are singular fellows, we fancy, rightly or wrongly, that the guest who refuses to eat with us is our enemy, or will become so.

Don Stefano gave a slight start at this unforeseen attack.

"How can you imagine such a thing, Caballero?" he said, evasively.

"It is not I who suppose, but all of us; it is a prejudice, a foolish superstition; call it as you like, but so it is," he said, with a smile as sharp as a dagger's point, "and nothing will change our nature; so that is settled, we will breakfast together, then I will wish you a prosperous journey, and we shall part."

Don Stefano's face assumed an expression of despair.

"Really, I am the plaything of ill luck," he said, with a toss of the head.

"How so?"

"Good gracious, I know not how to explain it to you; it is so absurd, that I really dare not—"

"Pray speak, Caballero; although I am only an illiterate adventurer, I may possibly manage to understand you."

"The truth is, I shall hurt your feelings."

"Not the least in the world; are you not my guest? a guest is sent by heaven, that is to say, is sacred."

Don Stefano hesitated.

"Well," Don Miguel said, with a laugh, "I will have breakfast served; perhaps that will undo your tongue."

"That is the embarrassing point!" the Mexican exclaimed, quickly, with an accent of chagrin; "the fact is, that in spite of my great desire to be agreeable to you, I cannot accept your kind invitation."

The young man frowned.

"Ah, ah!" he said, fixing a suspicious glance on the speaker, "why so?"

"That is the very thing I dare not confess to you."

"You can, Caballero; have I not told you that you had the right to say anything?"

"Good Heavens, you force me to it," he continued, in a voice that grew even more melancholy; "first imagine, then, that I have made a vow to Nuestra Senora de los Angeles, never to take food before sunset, so long as this accursed journey lasts."

"Ah!" Don Miguel said, with an accent of but slight conversion, "but last evening, when I offered you supper, the sun had set a long time, I fancy."

"Listen; I have not finished."

"Go on."

"And even then," the Mexican continued, "only to eat one of the maize tortillas I carry with me in my alforjas, and which I had blessed by a priest, prior to my departure from Santa Fe; you see, all this must seem to you very ridiculous, but we are fellow-countrymen, we have Spanish blood in our veins, and instead of laughing at my foolish superstition, you will pity me."

"*Caspita!* the more so, because you have a rude penance to undergo. I will not attempt to make you give up your superstition, for I too have mine; I believe that it is best not to return to the subject."

"You are not angry with me, at least?"

"I, why should I be angry?"

"Then we are still good friends?"

"More than ever," Don Miguel remarked, with a laugh. Still, the way in which these words were pronounced, but slightly reassured the Mexican—he took a side glance at the speaker, and then rose.

"Are you going?" the young man asked him.

"If you will permit me, I shall start."

"Do so, my guest."

Don Stefano, without further reply, immediately began saddling his horse.

"You have a noble brute there," Don Miguel observed.

"Yes, he is a purely bred barb."

"That is the first time I ever saw one of that precious race."

"Pray have a good look at him."

"I thank you, but I should be afraid of delaying you;—hola! my horse!" he added, addressing Domingo.

The latter brought up a mustang full of fire, on the back of which Don Miguel leaped at a bound, while Don Stefano also mounted.

"If you have no objection, I will have the honor of accompanying you a little way, unless," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "you have made a vow which prevents it."

"Come," Don Stefano said, reproachfully, "you are angry with me."

"On my faith, no; I swear it."

"Very good; we will start when you please."

"I am at your orders."

They spurred their horses, and went out of the camp. They had scarce gone twenty yards, ere Don Miguel pulled up his horse and stopped.

"Are you going to leave me already?" Don Stefano asked him.

"I shall not go a step further," the young man answered, and drawing himself up fiercely and frowning, he said in a haughty tone, "Here you are no longer my guest; we are out of my camp in the desert; I can, therefore, explain myself clearly and plainly, and *sobre a brios*, I will do so."

The Mexican regarded him with surprise.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Perhaps so: I hope it is so, but I do not believe it. So long as you were my guest, I pretended to believe the falsehood you told me; but now that you are to me, no more than the first comer, a stranger, I wish to tell you my thoughts frankly. I do not know by what name to address you to your livid face, but I am certain that you are my enemy, or, at any rate, a spy of my enemies."

"Caballero! these words—" Don Stefano exclaimed.

"Do not interrupt me," the young man continued, violently. "I care little who you are; it is sufficient to have unmasked you: I thank you for having entered my camp, at any rate; if ever I meet you again I shall recognize you; but let me give you one piece of advice on parting: shake the dust off your boots on leaving me, and do not come across me again, for it might bring you misfortune."

"Threats!" the Mexican interrupted, pale with rage.

"Take my words as you please, but remember them in the interest of your safety; although I am only an adventurer, I give you at this moment a lesson in honesty you will do well to profit by; nothing would be easier for me than to acquire proofs of your treachery; I have with me twenty devoted comrades, who, at a sign, would treat you very scurvily; and who, by searching your clothes and alforjas, would doubtless find among your *blessed tortillas*," he said, with a sardonic smile, "the reasons for the conduct you have employed towards me ever since we met; but you have been my guest, and that title is your safeguard: go in peace, but do not cross my path again."

While uttering the last words, he raised his arm and dealt a vigorous blow with his *chicote* on the rear of Don Stefano's horse. The barb, but little used to such treatment, started off like an arrow from a bow, in spite of all his rider's efforts to hold him in.

Don Miguel looked after him for a moment, and then returned to the camp, laughing heartily at the way in which he had ended the interview.

"Come, lads," he said to the Gambusinos, "let us be off at once; we must reach the ford of the Rubio before sunset, where the guide is waiting us."

And half an hour later the caravan set out.

THE AMBUSCADE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMBUSCADE.

No incident worthy of description troubled the journey during the day. The Cuadrilla traversed an undulating country, intersected by streams of slight depth, on the banks of which grew tall bushes, and clumps of cotton-wood trees, peopled by an infinity of birds, of every description and variety of plumage: on the horizon a long yellowish line, above which hung a dense cloud which indicated the Rio Colorado Grande del Norte.

As Don Miguel had announced, the ford of the Rubio was reached a few minutes before sunset. We will explain here in a few words the mode in which caravans camp in the desert; this description is indispensable, in order that the reader may understand how it is easy to leave or return to the camp unnoticed.

The Cuadrilla, in addition to the baggage mules, had with it fifteen wagons, loaded with merchandise. When the spot for camping was selected, the wagons were arranged in a square, with a distance of thirty-five feet between each: between the intervals were stationed six or eight men, who lit a fire, round which they assembled to cook, eat, smoke, and sleep. The horses were placed in the middle of the square, not far from the mysterious tent, which occupied exactly the centre. Each horse had the two off legs hobbled with a cord twenty inches long. We may remark that, although a horse thus hobbled feels very awkward at first, it soon accustoms itself to it sufficiently to be able to walk slowly. Besides, this prudential measure is taken in order that the horses may not stray, or be carried off by the Indians. Two horses are also put together; one with its feet tied, and the other only held by a picket rope, so that, in case of an alarm, it may gallop round its companion; which thus serves, as it were, as a pivot.

The space left free between the wagons was filled up with fascines, trees piled up on top of one another, and the mule bales.

Nothing is more singular than the appearance of one of these camps on the prairie. The fires are surrounded by picturesque groups, seated or standing; some cooking, others mending their clothes or their horses' trappings, others furbishing their weapons; at intervals, bursts of laughter rise from the midst of the groups, which announce that merry stories are going the rounds, and that they are trying to forget the fatigues of the day, and preparing for those of the morrow. Then, to complete the picture, from distance to distance behind the entrenchments, sentinels, calm and motionless, lean on their rifles.

From the description we have given, it is easy to understand that the wagons form a species of embrasures, by means of which, an

active man, crawling under the carts, can easily go out without being noticed by the sentries, and return whenever he pleases, without attracting the attention of his comrades, whose glances, usually directed on the prairie, have no reason to watch what goes on inside the camp.

So soon as all was in order, and each installed as comfortably as circumstances permitted, Don Miguel had a fresh horse brought him, which he mounted, and addressed his comrades collected around him.

"Senores," he said, "business of a pressing nature obliges me to go out for a few hours. Watch carefully over the camp during my absence; above all, let no one enter. We are now in regions where the greatest caution is necessary to guard against the treachery which incessantly menaces, and assumes every shape, in order to deceive those whom negligence prevents being on their guard. The guide we are expecting so impatiently will, doubtless, arrive in a few moments. All know him by repute; perhaps he may come alone, or he may have somebody with him. This man, in whom we must place the greatest confidence, must, during my absence, be entirely free in his actions—go and come without the slightest obstacle being offered him. You have understood me; so follow my instructions point by point. Besides, I repeat, I shall soon return."

After making a farewell signal to his comrades, Don Miguel left the camp, and proceeded to the Rubio, the ford of which, being nearly dry at the moment, he easily crossed.

What the chief of the adventurers had said to his comrades with reference to Marksman, was an inspiration of Heaven; for, if he had not peremptorily ordered that the hunter should be allowed to act as he pleased, it is probable that the sentinels would have barred his passage; and, in that case, the young man, deprived of the providential aid of the two backwoodsmen, would have been hopelessly lost.

After crossing the ford, Don Miguel urged his horse at full speed straight ahead. This furious race lasted nearly two hours, through thickets, which at every moment grew more closely together, and gradually were metamorphosed into a forest.

After crossing a deep gorge, whose perpendicular sides were covered with impenetrable thickets, the young man arrived at a species of narrow lane, into which the paths of wild beasts opened, and in the centre of which an Indian, dressed in his war costume, and smoking gravely, crouched over a fire of *bois de vache;* while his horse, hobbled a short distance off, was busily browsing on the young tree shoots. So soon as he saw the Indian, Don Miguel pushed on even at greater speed.

"Good evening, Chief!" he said, as he leaped lightly to the ground, and amicably pressed the hand the warrior held out to him.

"Wah!" the Chief said, "I no longer expected my pale brother."

"Why so, as I had promised to come?"

"Perhaps it would have been better for the paleface to remain in his camp. Addick is a warrior; he has discovered a trail."

"Good; but trails are not wanting on the prairie."

"Och! this is wide, and incautiously trodden; it is a paleface trail."

"Bah! what do I care?" the young man remarked, carelessly. "Do you fancy my band the only one crossing the prairie at this moment?"

The Redskin shook his head.

"An Indian warrior is not mistaken on the war trail. It is the trail of an enemy of my brother's."

"What makes you suppose that?"

The Indian did not seem willing to explain himself more clearly; he turned his head, and, after a moment, said—

"My brother will see."

"I am strong—well-armed. I care very little for those who would try to surprise us."

"One man is not worth ten," the Indian remarked, sententiously.

"Who knows?" the young man answered, lightly. "But," he continued, "that is not the question of the moment. I have come here to seek the news the Chief promised me."

"The promise of Addick is sacred."

"I know it, Chief, and that is why I did not hesitate to come. But time is slipping away. I have a long journey to go, to join my comrades again. A storm is getting up; and I confess that I should like very little to be exposed to it during my return. Be kind enough to be brief."

The Chief bowed in assent, and pointed to a place by his side.

"Good. Now begin, Chief; I am all attention," Don Miguel said, as he threw himself on the ground. "And, in the first place, how comes it that I have not seen you till today?"

"Because," the Indian answered, phlegmatically, "as my brother knows, it is far from here to Quecha Pitao (the City of God). A warrior is but a man; Addick has accomplished impossibilities to join his paleface brother sooner."

"Be it so, Chief; I thank you. Now let us come to facts. What has happened to you since our parting?"

"Quiepan Tani opened its gates wide before the two young pale virgins. They are in safety, in the Quecha, far from the eyes of their enemies."

"And did they give you no message for me?"

The Indian hesitated for a second.

"No," he said, at length; "they are happy and they wait."

Don Miguel sighed.

"That's strange!" he muttered.

The Chief took a stealthy look at him.

"What will my brother do?" he asked.

"I shall soon be near them."

"My brother is wrong. No one knows where they are. For what good reveal their refuge?"

"Soon, I hope, I shall be free to act without fearing indiscreet eyes."

A gloomy flame sparkled in the Indian's eye.

"Wacondah alone is master of to-morrow," he said.

Don Miguel looked at him.

"What does the Chief mean?"

"Nothing but what I say."

"Good. Will my brother accompany me to my camp?"

"Addick will return to Quiepan Tani, that he may watch over those whom his brother has confided to him."

"Shall I see you again soon?"

"Perhaps so," he answered, evasively; "but," he added, "did not my brother say that he expected soon to go to the Quecha?"

"Yes."

"When will my brother come?"

"At the latest, on the first day of next month. Why this question?"

"My brother is a paleface: if Addick himself does not introduce him into the Quecha, the white chief cannot enter it."

"That is true; at the period I stated, I will meet you at the foot of the mound where we parted."

"Addick will be there."

"Good! I count upon you; but now I must leave you: night is rapidly falling; the wind is beginning to blow furiously. I must be off."

"Farewell," the Chief said laconically, making no attempt to stop him.

"Good-bye."

The young man leapt into the saddle, and started at full speed.

Addick watched him depart with a pensive air; then, when he had disappeared behind a clump of trees, he leaned slightly forward, and imitated twice the hiss of a cobra capello. At this signal the branches of a thicket a short distance from the fire parted cautiously, and a man appeared. After looking suspiciously around him, he walked toward the chief, in front of whom he stopped.

The man was Don Stefano Cohecho.

"Well?" he said.

"Has my father heard?" the Indian asked, in an equivocal tone.

"All."

"Then I have nothing to tell my father."

"Nothing."

"The storm is beginning: what will my father do?"

"What is agreed on. Are the Chief's warriors ready?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"At the appointed spot."

"Good; let us start."

"I am ready."

These two men, who had evidently known each other for a long while, came to an understanding in a few words.

"Come!" Don Stefano said, in a loud voice.

A dozen Mexican horsemen appeared.

"Here is a reinforcement, in case the warriors are not sufficient," he said, turning to the Chief.

The latter checked a movement of ill-temper, and replied, as he shrugged his shoulders disdainfully,—

"What need of twenty warriors against a single man!"

"Because the man is worth a hundred," Don Stefano said, with an accent of conviction which caused the Chief to reflect.

They started.

In the meantime, Don Miguel had galloped on: still, he was far from suspecting the plot that was at this moment being formed against him; and, if he hurried on, it was not through any apprehension, but because the wind, whose violence increased every minute, and the heavy drops of rain, which began falling, warned him to seek shelter as speedily as possible. While galloping, he reflected on the short interview he had had with the Redskin warrior. While turning over in his mind the words exchanged between them, he felt a vague alarm, a secret fear invade his heart, though it was impossible to account for the emotion he experienced—he fancied he could read treachery behind the Chief's studied reticence; he now remembered that he at times seemed embarrassed while talking with him. Trembling lest a misfortune had happened to the young ladies, or a peril menaced them, he felt his anxiety heightened; the more so, as he knew not what means he should employ to insure the fidelity of the man whom he suspected of perfidiousness.

Suddenly, a dazzling flash shot across the open, his horse suddenly bounded aside, and two or three bullets whistled past him.

The young man sat up in his saddle. He was in the middle of the gorge he had traversed a few hours previously; a profound obscurity enveloped him on all sides, and in the shadow all around him, he fancied he could detect the outlines of human forms. At this moment, other shots were fired at him, his hat was carried off by a bullet, and several arrrows passed close to his face.

Don Miguel raised his head boldly.

"Ah! traitors!" he shouted, in a loud voice.

And lifting his horse with his knees, he rushed forward at headlong speed, holding the bridle between his teeth, half-bending over his steed's neck, and with a revolver in each hand.

A frightful war-yell was heard, mingled with piercing imprecations uttered in Spanish.

Don Miguel passed like a tornado through the body of men moving round him, and discharged his revolvers in the thickest of his unknown enemies. Cries of pain and rage, bullets and arrows pursued him, but did not check the headlong speed of his horse, which seemed no longer to touch the earth, and rapidly did it course along.

Behind him the young man heard the galloping of several horses, hastening in pursuit.

"Treachery, treachery!" he shouted, brandishing his sabre, making his horse rear, and bounding like a jackal in the midst of the throng which incessantly closed in upon him.

Suddenly, at the height of the contest, at the moment when he felt his strength was deserting him, three shots came from the darkness, and his assailants, attacked in the rear, were compelled in their turn to defend themselves against invisible foes.

"We are coming!" a stout voice shouted, whose energetic accent made the assailants tremble. "Hold your own! hold your own!"

Don Miguel responded by a terrific yell, and threw himself into the thick of the fight with redoubled efforts: now that he knew himself to be supported, he felt he was saved. The crowd gave way in the shadow-like ripe corn beneath the reaper's scythe; the compact mass of assailants parted asunder, and the three men, or three demons, rushed into the hole they had made, and bounded forward to the side of the adventurer.

"Ah, ah!" the latter exclaimed, with a bitter burst of laughter, "the fight is now equal—forward, comrades, forward!"

And he threw himself once more into the medley, followed by these intrepid allies.

Who were these men? Whence did they come? he did not know or dream of asking them. Besides, this was not the moment for explanations: they must conquer or die."

"Kill him, kill him!" a man yelled, who rushed upon him every moment with uplifted sabre, and in all the ferocious ardor of an inveterate hatred.

"Ah! it is you, Don Stefano Cohecho!" Don Miguel shouted; "I felt sure we should meet; your voice has denounced you."

"Death to him;" the latter answered.

The two men rushed upon each other, their horses met with a terrible shock, and the man whom the adventurer took for Don Stefano rolled on the ground.

"Victory!" Don Miguel shouted, as he cut down with his machete all within his reach.

His unknown friends, who were still by his side, rushed after him. In spite of all their efforts, the attacking party were unable to keep their position, and began flying in every direction. The gorge was free; no obstacle longer opposed Don Miguel's flight: he pressed his horse, and the noble beast redoubled its ardor. When so far free, the young man looked around him. His unknown defenders had suddenly disappeared, as if by enchantment.

"What is the meaning of this?" he murmured.

At this moment he felt on his left arm something resembling a blow from a whip: a bullet had struck him. This wound recalled him to a sense of his present position.

His enemies had rallied, and recommenced their pursuit. Before him he heard the yellow waters of the Rubio growling; the wrath of Heaven and of man seemed leagued together to overwhelm him; it was then that a mad terror seized upon him; he fancied himself lost, and uttered that first cry of agony heard by the hunters.

Still, his pursuers gained rapidly upon him; without hesitation or reflection, he plunged into the Rubio with his horse; some twenty bullets dashed up the water round him; he turned bravely on his steed, and fired the last shots from his revolvers, uttering that cry to which the hunters had replied with the word,—

"Courage!"

But human nature has limits which it cannot pass. This last effort exhausted the little strength left him, and frantically clutching the bridle of his horse, he rolled into the river and fainted, while saying, in a stifled voice,—

"Laura, Laura!"

Two shots crossed each other above his head, one fired by the man who was aiming at him from the bank, the other by Marksman. The stranger uttered a yell like a wild beast, turned away staggering like a drunken man, and disappeared.

Who was this man?—was he dead or merely wounded? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It is not very remarkable that the only white man found in Beaufort by the Union forces was drunk. He was in a *tight* place.

☞ The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

☞ The hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore it is as well to know what there is at our own back, before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

☞ No man who has ever distinguished himself as a soldier has been much of a talker. Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, though they could all express themselves fluently, were proverbial for their laconicism of speech in the prosecution of their campaigns.

☞ You will not be agreeable to company, if you strive to bring in or keep up a subject unsuitable to their capacities or humor.

☞ To make a mess—Pour a quart of molasses into your wife's bonnet.

☞ We are enabled on the best authority to state that the talented author of the *Silver Cord* and the *Gordian Knot* is about writing a new novel—*The Matrimonial Noose.*

☞ Evil thoughts in the soul of either man or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the top. No preparation of deceit can amalgamate them with virtue so that they will remain concealed.

☞ A French writer says the position of of England towards this country, "the ruin of the United States affects her deeply, but she would be very sorry if the ruin could be evaded."

☞ A colored lady from Jamaica, the wife of a judge, who was on one of the Gulf steamers lately, and a perfect marvel of flounces, flowers and crinoline, would insist at the steamer table, that Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful quadroon, and that her husband the President is more severe in chastising the South, in consequence of the ill treatment of some members of her family who were the slaves of Jeff. Davis. Some wag had told her this as a state secret, and nothing can beat it out of her head.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

We design commencing Mrs. Wood's story in our next number.

MR. SEWARD'S LETTER.

While we agree with our contemporaries in regarding the letter of the Secretary of State to the British Minister in relation to the affair of the Trent, as a very well written production, so far as the graces of style are concerned, we are unable to unite in the general verdict of praise which has been pronounced upon the tenor and substance of that important document.

It is evident that the British Government was placed by the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell in a very embarrassing position. The action of Captain Wilkes was to be resented, in accordance with the popular feeling and supposed national interests, as a flagrant insult to the British flag, at the same time that there was no warrant in the Law of Nations, as interpreted by the highest British authorities, for viewing it as an insult at all. None knew this better than the Law Officers of the Crown. They knew that they could only declare the action of Captain Wilkes an insult, and a flagrant violation of international law, by flying in the face of their own decisions, their own repeated precedents, and setting up in fact a new and more liberal exposition. But the work was to be done—the popular feeling of England was to be encouraged, not rebuked and instructed, and therefore resort was had to an alleged informality in Captain Wilkes's proceedings, which informality, if proved, really amounts to very little, if anything.

Consider the subject for a moment. If, as the Law Officers of the Crown are reported to have decided, Captain Wilkes would have had a right to take the Trent, her mails, and all on board into an American port—that a Prize Court there sitting would have been justified in pronouncing the Rebel agents and their dispatches contraband of war, confiscating the vessel, and holding Mason and Slidell as prisoners—if Captain Wilkes and our Prize Court, acting in conjunction, would have been justified in doing all this, how foolish to argue that the omission of the American officer to take the Trent into port, as well as the four Rebel agents, constitutes an insult of such a flagrant character that, if persisted in, War alone could give adequate redress!

A thing being admitted to be right in itself, can a nation consistently fly into a passion and demand that it shall be all instantly undone, because of an informality in the mode of doing it?

The most that Great Britain could demand, in view of such an informality, would be the institution of judicial proceedings in the United States to test whether the arrested parties could properly be held as contraband of war. By no degree of justice or fairness could such a mere informality be tortured into a proper cause of war—especially war without previous negotiation.

To show what a mere contemptible quibble this plea of informality is, let any reader imagine that Captain Wilkes had done precisely what the British Law Officers say he should have done, and taken not only the Rebel agents, but the Trent with all on board into an American port. Does any one, American or Englishman, believe that the British nation and Government would have regarded that as a perfectly fair and justifiable proceeding? Every man knows that in such a case, the outcry would have been even more violent and abusive than it has been.

The British Ministry, as we have said, doubtless were fully conscious of the weakness of this plea of informality. It will be observed that Earl Russell in his dispatch to Lord Lyons, to which dispatch Mr. Seward's letter is a reply, makes no allusion to it, but keeps to general terms, as follows:—

> It thus appears that *certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage*—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law. * * * * *
>
> Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation—namely, the liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed.

Such being the British demand, our Government, as it seems to us, had simply one of two things to do. Either to refuse to liberate the four individuals in question, and to justify such refusal by British and other authorities and precedents—or to liberate them, with such explanations as should show that we perfectly understood that we had a right to hold them according to the British interpretations of International Law, but that we thought it only fair and wise to act in accordance with a more liberal and American policy. It should also have been Mr. Seward's object, in the latter case, to obtain from the British Government avowals which would commit them to a more liberal policy than they have heretofore pursued.

Now, we do not understand why Mr. Seward, when Earl Russell's despatch was communicated to him, did not courteously request a more detailed statement of the principles of International Law on which the English demand was based—that we might know exactly what it was that the English Government took exception to. Whether it was the thing itself, or the mode of doing it, or both, which caused the British Government to denominate the act "an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law."

We do not see how the English Government could have refused such a statement. And if they had refused it, it would be well to have such a refusal on the record, for the consideration of the world.

But Mr. Seward, as it would appear, did not even make an attempt to compel the British Government to define its views upon the subject—he allowed it unquestioned to take refuge under vague generalities.

But we pass on from what Mr. Seward did not do to what he did. Instead of exposing the futility of the British plea to which we have alluded—a plea into which the Law Officers of the Crown were absolutely forced, from want of anything substantial to find fault with—Mr. Seward, with his eyes open, absolutely endorses it himself as correct doctrine! Hear him:—

> The question before us is, whether this proceeding was authorized by and conducted according to the law of nations. It involves the following inquiries:
>
> 1st. Were the persons named and their supposed despatches contraband of war?
>
> 2d. Might Captain Wilkes lawfully stop and search the Trent for these contraband persons and despatches?
>
> 3d. Did he exercise that right in a lawful and proper manner?
>
> 4th. Having found the contraband persons on board, and in presumed possession of the contraband despatches, had he a right to capture the persons?
>
> 5th. Did he exercise that right of capture in the manner allowed and recognized by the law of nations?
>
> If all these inquiries shall be resolved in the affirmative, the British Government will have no claim for reparation.

Mr. Seward decides the first, second, third, and fourth of the above questions in the *affirmative!* When he comes to the fifth, however, he takes substantially the same ground that the Law Officers of the Crown are reported to have done, and holds that the failure to carry the Trent, as well as the "contraband persons" themselves, into port—notwithstanding that Captain Wilkes gives as one of his reasons for not doing so that he was too much "reduced in officers and crew" to spare the necessary force for the purpose—vitiates the seizure, makes it contrary to the law of nations, and necessitates not the *trial*, but the *giving up* of the "contraband persons" demanded!

Mr. Seward's conclusion, we think, does not follow, even if we grant his premises. If the seizing of the four persons on board was an insult to Great Britain and a violation of International Law—the seizing of the steamer herself, her captain, the spluttering "Commander Williams," the mails, the rebel agents, the passengers, and the crew, would have been quite as great an insult and violation of law, to say the least. To seize four men under a flag is no *worse* than to seize a couple of hundred and the flag itself.

The only thing that England could fairly claim with such views, or that Mr. Seward could fairly grant, would be a judicial trial to determine the "contraband" or other character of the rebel agents—a trial which as there is no mode prescribed for it in either case, could as well take place without the vessel as with it.

The greatest objection, however, that we have to Mr. Seward's letter, is that it absolutely leaves this whole matter of the American Policy as to International Law, worse than he found it. By coupling with his views of the Mason and Slidell case an allusion to the English custom of impressing seamen, which led to the war of 1812, he leaves the impression that it was not so much the thing itself we then objected to, as the manner in which it was done.

In other words, Mr. Seward's language is susceptible of the dangerous construction, that if the captains of British cruisers, instead of taking those they claimed as British subjects at once from our decks, had carried vessel and all into port, for the matter to have been judicially investigated there, we should have been satisfied. Of course, Mr. Seward does not, as we judge, mean to say anything of the kind, but he comes entirely too near saying it.

Now such a carrying of the American vessels into port, as in the case of the Trent, really would have enhanced the offence, as every sensible person will see.

Prize Courts settle nothing, so far as disputes between nations as to what International Law really is, is concerned. Suppose our American vessels, previous to the war of 1812, had been carried into Liverpool, and a Prize Court or any other court had decided that those who were British subjects once were always British subjects—that they could not transfer their allegiance—that the captains of the British cruisers were right, and that the American vessels therefore were entitled to no damages for their detention, but ought to thank Providence for getting clear without a fine or being confiscated—would the American Government and people have been any better satisfied?

As General Scott said in his letter, "Would the offence have been less, because it was greater?" Mr. Seward seems to think so in the case of the Trent; we cannot suppose that he would think so in our own case.

If there be any who doubt the justice of these strictures, let them ask themselves what principle of International Law has been settled, or even put in the way of settlement, by the restoring of Mason and Slidell. Mr. Seward speaks of American policy, but he does not state what the American policy is. So far as he does avow any principle of International Law applicable to the case, it is that nations have the right to seize rebel agents, or those claiming to be ambassadors of an enemy, with their dispatches, on a friendly or a neutral vessel, passing from one neutral port to another, *if they do it in the proper mode.* He further decides that the proper mode is to carry the vessel, and all on board, into port, and have the vessel confiscated for carrying contraband of war—the decision against the vessel to imply the right to hold the agents or ambassadors aforesaid as prisoners. We do not perceive anything especially American or liberal in this view. It seems to us rather a going backward than a going forward. But we defy any one to show that Mr. Seward has even advocated, much less given in our adhesion as a nation, to any more liberal policy.

Earl Russell, in his despatch, terms the voyage of the Trent "*a lawful and innocent voyage.*" And yet the Queen's proclamation expressly says:—

> "And we do hereby warn our loving subjects * * that if any of them shall do any acts * * in violation of the law of nations * * as for example * * *by carrying officers, soldiers, DISPATCHES, arms, military stores, materials, or any article or articles considered and deemed to be contraband of war, according to the law or modern usage of nations, for the use or service of either of the said contending parties, all parties so offending will incur and be liable to the several penalties and penal consequences by the said statute, or by the law of nations in that behalf imposed or denounced. And we do hereby declare that all our subjects and persons entitled to our protection, who may misconduct themselves in the premises, WILL DO SO AT THEIR PERIL, AND OF THEIR OWN WRONG, AND THAT THEY WILL IN NOWISE OBTAIN ANY PROTECTION FROM US AGAINST ANY LIABILITIES OR PENAL CONSEQUENCES, BUT WILL, ON THE CONTRARY, INCUR OUR DISPLEASURE BY SUCH MISCONDUCT.
>
> "Given at our Court, at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, this 13th day of May, 1861."

Mr. Seward does not ask the British Minister how a vessel engaged in violating the above proclamation, by carrying "dispatches," could be pursuing "a lawful and innocent voyage?"

But the reader may ask, what ground would we have had Mr. Seward to take. We answer, No ground at all, if not a tenable one. He might however have put it on the ground, that "contraband of war," as applied to persons, had been, and would be in the future, held by us only to apply to the military officers or the soldiers of an enemy, sailing directly to or from an enemy's port. By putting this forward as our interpretation of the Law of Nations, which we would be bound by ourselves in the present case, and which we should expect to have respected by other nations in the future, we should have arrayed the liberal public sentiment of the world in our favor, and acted in accordance with the regular American policy of favoring the rights of neutrals.

The Rebel agents would thus have been given up on American, and not on British principles—if there be such a thing as British principle, apart from the famous old doctrine, so often illustrated, "Might makes Right;" and America would have placed herself in the advanced position which she should always occupy before the nations.

As to the plea of informality of the Law Officers of the Crown, Mr. Seward should have shown the insufficiency of such a base to support such high and haughty demands, instead of adopting it as his own. He should have shown that by British law and British precedents Captain Wilkes was perfectly justifiable in doing what he did—that there are both law and precedents for not seizing the Trent as well as her contraband—that if there was an informality, it was trivial in its character, and not of a nature to vitiate Captain Wilkes's whole action, much less to make it an offence to the British flag, justifying a demand for an apology. These things he should have shown, as he easily could have shown them—and his authorities and precedents would have convinced all impartial minds at home and abroad, that we had done nothing which would justify the imperious demands made upon us in our hour of weakness by the government of a "kindred" nation.

Such are our views of the ground that this Government should have taken. Whether those views are correct or otherwise, we leave to the decision of those who are qualified to judge. That Great Britain should have been allowed to bear these unprincipled rebels away, without committing herself to a single new principle, or even any principle at all, and without even being compelled to take with them a new lesson on International Law from the pen of the American Secretary of State, seems to us a cause of mortification for the present, and of probable trouble for the future.

BRITISH SENTIMENT.

In looking upon a foreign nation, we are too apt to look upon it as an unit, as we do upon an individual. We speak of its action in a given case—its consistency or inconsistency—as if we were speaking of a single person. In doing this, we often fall into an error, an error which sometimes leads to very mischievous consequences.

In all nations there are apt to be two great parties, opposed to each other in fundamental principles, and generally taking opposite grounds on all important questions that arise. As these parties obtain the direction of national affairs, they naturally act in greater or less accordance with their political sentiments, modifying their action only in a degree by the precedents of previous administrations. In this way nations are led to act inconsistently, in the eyes of foreign observers, who persist in viewing as a single person, what might be more properly regarded as a body with two heads, one of which sometimes has the say, and at other times the other.

In Great Britain, at this time, we see a liberal and a conservative party—one inclining to sympathize with the American Union in its hour of trial, the other with all causes that tend to disunite and prostrate it. As passing events exercise their natural influence upon the vast mass of undecided opinion which exists in Great Britain as in every other country, we see the Government, bending to the blast, tending to one side or to the other. The affair of the Trent, tortured by designing men to bear the aspect of an insult to the

British flag, has given the anti-Union party a momentary ascendency, which it will strive to make an enduring one by catching at all possible grounds of quarrel, and indulging in the most glaring misrepresentations.

As the sympathies of the untitled, the "plain people" of Great Britain naturally are with the American Republic, so the sympathies of the nobility and gentry naturally are the other way—for the ability of the United States to prosper without an aristocracy, is the strongest argument that can be used against the necessity of privileged classes in England.

To show how the sympathies of the aristocratic classes of Great Britain are tending, we may refer to two articles in the December number of Blackwood's Magazine—*the* Tory magazine of Great Britain, and especial favorite of the nobility and gentry. One of these articles is entitled "A Month with the Rebels,"—the said month being last September. This article purports to be the veritable production of an English traveller, and gives a rose-colored description of the Rebels, their soldiers, and their "peculiar institution"—the evident object being to reconcile the British people to the recognition, if not the affording of assistance to a state, whose corner stone, as "Vice-President" Stephens declares, is the right of a superior race to hold an inferior one forever in a condition of Slavery; being, as he also says, the first government ever avowedly established on that great and philanthropic basis.

Here is a description of Slavery, from the article in question:—

On the bank of the Alabama river, which winds its yellow course through dense woods of oak, ash, maple, and pine, thickened with tangled copse of varied evergreens, lie some of the most fertile plantations of the state. One of these we had the advantage of visiting. Its owner received us with all that hospitality and unaffected *bonhommie* which *invariably* distinguish a southern gentleman. Having mounted a couple of hacks, we started off through a large pine-wood, and soon arrived at a "clearing" of about 200 acres in extent, on most of which was growing an average cotton crop. This was a fair sample of the rest of the plantation, which consisted altogether of 7,000 acres. Riding into the middle of the field, we found ourselves surrounded by about forty slaves, men, women, and children, engaged in "picking." *They were all well dressed, and seemed happy and cheerful.* Wishing to know what time of day it was, I asked Mr. ——— the hour, whereupon one of the darkies by my side *took out a gold watch* and informed me.

"Do your laborers generally wear gold watches, sir?" I inquired.

"*A great many of them have.* Why, sir, my negroes all have their *cotton plots and gardens, and most of them little orchards.*"

We found from their own testimony that they are fed well, chiefly upon pork, corn, potatoes, and rice, carefully attended to when sick, and on Sundays *dress better than their masters.*

Many of them had *six or seven hundred dollars* of their own, which they either lend to the banks or hide in the ground. *In the hot weather they begin work at six in the morning, and go on till ten; they then go home till about three, and when the sun declines return to their work till six or seven. In the cool weather they begin soon after daylight, and rest for two or three hours in the middle of the day.*

We next visited the "Station," a street of cottages *in a pine-wood*, where Mr. ———'s "family" reside. These we found clean and comfortable. Two of the men were sick, and had been visited that morning by a doctor; in the meantime they were looked after by the nurses of the establishment, of whom there were three to take care of the children and invalids.

On the whole, it can fearlessly be said, if this is a true type of the mode in which slaves are treated in the South, that their physical condition is as good, if not better, than that of any laboring population in the world. The masters ridicule the idea of disloyalty. They live among them in the most perfect confidence, *and never bestow a serious thought upon what they consider such an impossibility as a "negro insurrection."* Having visited other plantations in Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, we cannot resist the belief that the great mass of the slaves in the South must be pronounced to be well cared for and contented; and although there are necessarily a thousand things connected with the "institution" of which no Englishman can approve, it is undoubtedly true that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of abolitionists, *the negroes bear the yoke cheerfully, and heartily join their fortunes to those of their masters in the great struggle in which they are now engaged.*

Our readers will learn, for the first time, from the above truthful Englishman—whose veracity thus seems to be endorsed by the editors of Blackwood, all "honorable men," of course,—that the negroes engaged in picking cotton are "all well dressed"—on Sundays "better dressed than their masters"—that "*a great many of them*" carry "*gold watches*," that they have their own "cotton plots, gardens," and "most of them little *orchards!*" and that in the hot weather they "begin work at six, go on till *ten*, then *go home till about three*," and "*when the sun declines*," return to their work till *six or seven!* Even in the cool weather, they "rest for *two or three hours* in the middle of the day!"

In addition to the above rose-colored existence, "many" of the slaves have "six or seven hundred dollars"—in gold or silver coin doubtless—which they either "lend to the banks" or "bury in the ground"—the latter being, one would think, just now, the most sensible disposition of it.

Really, if these things be so, we do not wonder that the planters "never bestow a serious thought upon what they consider such an impossibility as a negro insurrection." Our only wonder is that the whites themselves do not rebel, and insist upon having their share of the delicious ease and sweets of slavery, on the doctrine that "good things should go round." We suppose the custom they have down in Charleston and other southern cities, of every able-bodied man rising from his bed when he hears "the fire-bell in the night," is all owing to that dislike to taking their ease for which all southern people are so remarkable.

It is a little curious, nevertheless, how these same negroes desert their masters by the thousands when they get a chance—leaving, however, it must be admitted to their credit, their "gold watches," their "six and seven hundred dollars," their Sunday clothes, "better than their masters'," and all recollection of their good dinners and short hours of work, behind them. By various letters from intelligent correspondents at Fortress Monroe and Port Royal—extracts from some of which will be found in the present number of THE POST—we learn that these same well-fed, well-dressed, easily-worked negroes, are willing to do, and have done, the very hardest kind of labor for our forces, and think themselves in clover when receiving simply army wages and army rations. Gen. Sherman writes that he could have had 25,000 of them by this time, if he had encouraged their coming. There must be an immense number of "gold watches" and good clothes lying around "loose" somewhere in the South. Hereafter, if the "contrabands" bring in any articles in the gold plate and jewelry lines, we trust it will not be taken for granted that they have been plundering their masters, but that such things will be looked upon simply as their own household goods and ornaments.

The second article of Blackwood's, to which we have referred, appears to be editorial, and gives "*Some* Account of Both Sides of the American War." The spirit of this is the same as that of the other—pro-Rebel and anti-Union, to the last degree. As one spoonful of a nauseous compound will enable our readers to test its quality, as well as the whole bowl-full, we may simply state that the unanimity and earnestness of the North are characterized by such terms as "mob-rule," "anarchy," "many headed tyrant," "popular passion," "will of the blinded multitude," with a few half-complimentary words thrown in to look like impartiality, while of the South it is said:—

And the South is in earnest. We do not take as proof of this the vote of its Congress which echoed the unlimited grants of its rival to the executive, because that might be an empty boast—or the bitter and loud defiance on the lips of the wealthy and the poor alike, because that is common to both sides, and does not of necessity imply constancy and fulfillment; but *it is proved by the out-pouring which only nations in their agony know; it is shown in the one heart which seems to animate these millions like one man, in the surrender of individuality, in the abnegation of self, that strikes the stranger with astonishment*—in the abandonment of habits and peculiarities—*in the boundless confidence which this sensitive people repose in the public men to whom they have intrusted their safety*—in *the softer virtues* which national trial calls forth, and *which mitigate the horrors and curse of civil war.*

Oh, this poor, besotted, cruel, tyrannous, free-labor North—oh, the generous, noble, free-spoken, unfettered, merciful South! That wicked North—which tries to put down a Rebellion without hurting the Rebels; that amiable South, which confiscates the property of all Union citizens, and hangs and shoots them by the score! That wicked North, which hesitates to arm the negroes; that humane South, which arms both negroes and Indians, and boasts, like the savages, of taking human scalps—as Blackwood itself bears witness, and yet has no words of blame.

But enough of these tory falsehoods—falsehoods both silly and shameful. We only quote them for the amusement of our readers, and to show in what direction the sympathies of the aristocracy of Great Britain are evidently tending. Men that will descend to such false representations, will descend, if they have the opportunity, to equally base actions. Time and tide serving them, they will place the British government—in spite of the earnest and honorable opposition of the middle and lower classes,—in an attitude of friendship to the Rebels, and of enmity to us. Let there then be no delay in putting down the rebellion, and in increasing our naval strength. There is no lack of forewarnings—let us be prepared to breast, for it may be the only means of averting the storm.

TO CANADIANS.

The Cobourg Sun copies "with pleasure" the following from the Kingston Whig: No matter what the news may be of the action the British Government may take on the Mason and Slidell affair, we entreat our readers not to fret their fat with any dread of a war between Great Britain and the United States. Sensible men are at the head of both governments, and know the horrors of war too well to hasten into it without adequate cause. Whatever might be thought of the war at home, it would be very unpopular in Canada. It is all very well for us to poke up the Yankees with a long stick when they brag of their victories and the press feeds its readers with "flop doodle," but to fight with them is beyond expectation. They are our neighbors and best customers. Many of us are connected with them in ties of blood and ties of business. They are a kind, hospitable, intelligent race of people—if they would not brag so much—are our own kindred, and the idea of cutting each other's throats is utterly out of the question.

We should be glad if our Canadian friends would realize more than they do, the fact that they are by nature, and should be by feeling, Americans and not Europeans.

The great question for the people, all of the people of this Continent to decide, is, whether America shall play a merely colonial and subsidiary part in the world's history, like Asia and Africa, for the benefit of Europe, or whether we shall say to Europe "hands off," we can attend to our own affairs, look after our own interests, and adopt a new and more liberal policy than any which has ever before obtained, in a large degree, in the world.

Canada gets along, at present, very happily and independently with England. But why? Because of the lesson received by Great Britain in 1776—and because we are her neighbor. If the United States goes to pieces, from that moment the liberties of Canada repose no longer on a secure foundation. If upon any occasion she wishes to adopt a policy which the mother country disapproves, she will have to submit; and then she will feel the weight of her apparently light colonial chains.

When the time comes, as it doubtless will come, that Canada shall wish to encourage her domestic manufactures, she will find that she is a colony, and therefore not a free state.

Look at Asia—see India, and the recent movements in China and Cochin-China. See Africa, and the French in Algiers. These great European powers will put all North and South America again in vassalage, if they can. They will divide us; play South against North, and Canada against South or North,—in one word, repeat the old Roman policy, which has given India to England, "Divide and Conquer."

Canada, in striking at us, is striking at herself.

Why should the United States and Canada quarrel? Their interests are precisely the same. We are all Americans, nearly all Republicans; essentially the same people.

Do not let us repeat on this North American continent the folly of Europe, by allowing ourselves to be split up even into separate independent states, each suspicious of its neighbor, and weighed down with frequent wars, large standing armies, and expensive aristocracies. Certainly this new world was not given to civilized man for the repetition of the same old folly. Let us realize the dream of the poet, in establishing a great Federation, which shall be powerful enough to secure us from European interference, and maintain peace at home. So far as North America at least is concerned, with the hundreds of millions who are to populate it in the not very distant future, let

"The battle flag be furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Confederation of a world."

AMUSING BLUNDER OF THE LONDON TIMES.—The *London Times* not only asserts, but reiterates, quoting as authority from an English work on Contraband, that a vessel running between two neutral ports *cannot* have any contraband on board, according to the Law of Nations. Now, without touching the question of what the Law of Nations should be, every one knows who knows anything, that munitions of war belonging to an enemy, found in a neutral vessel on the high seas, whether said vessel is sailing between two neutral ports or not, have always been considered contraband of war beyond all denial.

And yet the *Times* has no language too insulting and bitter to apply to what it designates the ignorance of the Americans upon the subject of International Law. The truth being, that one-half the excitement that has recently prevailed in England, is the result of ignorance as to the decisions of their own courts, and the language of their highest authorities.

Certainly the world has not often witnessed the attempt to torture what was either a necessary or a generous action on the part of Captain Wilkes—the allowing the Trent and her mails to go on their way—into an act of "insult," and even "piracy."

THE SEIZING OF CONTRABAND OF WAR.—To show that the seizing of a vessel in addition to that of any contraband on board is really an aggravation of the act—as every one's common sense might tell him—we need only refer to the fact that in some of our treaties it is expressly stipulated that

"*No neutral vessel shall be detained on the high seas on account of her having on board articles of contraband, whenever the master, captain, or supercargo will deliver the articles of contraband to the captor*, unless, indeed, the quantity of such articles be so great or of so large bulk that they cannot be received on board the capturing vessel without great inconvenience; but in this case, and all others of just detention, the vessel detained shall be sent to the nearest and safe port for trial and judgment, according to law."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NATIONAL HYMNS—How they are written, and how they are not written. A Lyric and National study for the times. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Published by Rudd & Carlton, New York.

Many of our readers no doubt remember the call issued by a certain New York Committee, on the 17th of last May, for a National Hymn, adapted to the requirements of our nation and our age, fitted to give the needed expression to the new enthusiasm of loyalty that surged in a mighty torrent through the land from the moment that the echo of the bombardment of Sumter wakened the North from its torpid repose and inaction. The issue of the experiment of evoking by such a method our National Anthem, will also be remembered.

The twelve hundred poems which poured in upon the luckless Committee in answer to their call were only, it seems, twelve hundred modes of showing what a National Hymn is *not;* and this, although many of them possessed poetic merit and evinced much patriotic enthusiasm.

The only pleasing result of an affair which has created animosities and mortifications without number, is to be found in the pretty volume which is the subject of the present notice.

Its title-page faithfully states the scope of the work; the first clause—"How National Hymns are written," being a carefully thought-out and extremely well-written essay upon National Hymns, exemplified by the two which, the author says, "separate themselves by eminence from all others," the "God Save the King," of the English, and the French Marseillaise. In this connection some very curious evidence is brought forward to show that the English Anthem was originally a Jacobite production, and that the "enemies" so sturdily anathematised are of the very royal house in whose honor it still continues to be sung; and the whole essay is highly flavored with strictures upon the faults of the English national character, even while claiming for us the closest kindred with them, even to the use of the term "American Englishman," as distinguished from "British Englishman."

The latter branch of Mr. White's subject—"How National Hymns are not written"—is illustrated by the few poems chosen as worthy of publication, which their authors were willing to give to the world under the circumstances. Some of them are quite fine and stirring poems, and though none proved precisely the thing desired, we do not see that they lose by comparison with the sanguinary Marseillaise, or the comic invectives of "God Save the King." The music of these two is, after all, their recommendation to popular favor, and here we Americans fail, for music hitherto has not been a plant of sturdy growth in our soil. But there is no reason why our Hymn should not be compounded of foreign elements, as our nationality has been.

Some of these days we predict some grand old German air will begin to sound, no one knows how or why, among the people—German certainly, for Italian or French music is not adapted to express our character—and then fitted to some good, simple Saxon words, it will slip into the vacant niche, till we waken up to find our National Hymn born, not made.

The most entertaining portion of this volume is to be found not in the best specimens of poetry, but in the worst. Some of these are entirely "too good to be true." The following stanza, for instance:

"We air the greatest nation
In all the Lord's creation,
We air the hull world's wonder,
En we hav the biggest thunder,
Accordin' to population."

If this terse and forcible expression of our most cherished national sentiment were but genuine, we contend that it should have received the prize by acclamation. The following is almost equally admirable:

"All hail, our country great, may she never falter,
But every darned secessionist be hung up by the halter."

This also, as well as a highly metaphysical poem, which addresses the Union as

"Indissaparous symbol of politic etern,
Securing Uncle Sam what's his'n, and every State what's her'n,"

can hardly be supposed to be written in sober earnest. But there are others of whose genuineness there can be no doubt. We feel a liking for the honest simplicity of the following contribution from a Pennsylvania bard:

"Gentlemen, this is my Himn for your advertisement. In the Dollar Paper for the 20th of June it might answer for the very Himn you want if this should Happen to do the Porpose I will then do some more for you and if this will answer you will of course do according to Contract and if it should be to simple it is not more lost than 3 cts I will now state the effects of the himn. One night I dreamed that I did see, the Southarns ships where on the sea, the Union men where not afraid, this tune the band so sweetly Played. In the Morning When I did Wake, to fight for the Union my Heart did Ache, My Wife so Cried and beged all day, that I with Her at Home should Stay, I then did say it would be best, if I would share my life with the Rest, I Have a brother that's dear to my Heart, he is now in war we hat to Part. President Lincoln He doth reign, and he will bring the South to Shame, General Scott is wide awake Southarns cant Him Overtake, Jefferson Davis Should be Hung, In Spite of all that He Has don, Kind Readers when you Sing this Song, I hope my Brother will be along, this is all I do Compose I I Bring my Poetry to a Close. Address thus, ——— ——— Penn'a."

At the risk of extending our quotations to a rather unreasonable length, we are tempted to copy one more most characteristic production, giving with it Mr. White's own introduction and comments.

"Of origin and appearance quite as unpromising as its predecessor, is the following significant composition; to be deterred from reading which, by its bald rusticity, will be to neglect a most characteristic national production; one which could have come out of no other country than our own, and from no other than a man of English race, who had been reared in the American Republic:

UNITED STATES NATIONAL HYMN. L. M.
TUNE—*Yarmouth.*
BY JONATHAN ———.

I.

God bless United States; each one
Has government, the people's own;
The people rule, their rulers are
Elected servants, to take care
Of what is for the people's good;
And the best men be chosen should;
And often changed, that surely we
May prosper, and be ever free.

II.

Foundation of our Union, find
On education, talent, mind;
God's Book, religion's only guide;
The supreme law in all reside;
Nor can majority oppress
Minority, but all confess
That each has Rights, which all must see
Respected in their purity.

III.

The Union and the Nation stand
A Government, o'er all the land;
Best, freest, strongest, wisest one,
Was, is, will be, beneath the sun;
The greatest numbers' greatest good;
And all protected, as we should;
Intelligence, ability,
For rulers, the best quality.

IV.

Jehovah is our Head, and we
Acknowledge His supremacy;
He blesses us, year after year,
With all good things that do appear;
He is our Sovereign, only one
We'll have none else, till Time is done;
Three times a year acknowledge Him;
Fast, July Fourth, Thanksgiving time.

V.

As we march down the stream of Time,
New States extend our happy clime;
Go on, increasing, good, and great;
One Union, formed of many States;
More States, the stronger shall we be,
In union, peace, and liberty;
East, West, North, South, on sea and land,
Forever one, united stand.

VI.

Be every part, to each, most dear;
And law and order rule us here;
Our Constitutions, good and great;
Amended for the good of State;
Our statutes, for the people's good;
And science guide us, as it should;
States within State; blest freedom's land,
United States forever stand!

VII.

Stand in thy strong integrity,
The North and South united be
With East and West, join heart and hand,
By our good Union firm to stand,
Our President elected be,
By people's voice, plurality;
And the Vice-President the same;
The highest offices of fame.

VIII.

Free governments o'er earth will go;
The Bible, education too;
The righteous wise shine as the sun;
Knowledge and Arts, o'er earth to run;
All know the Lord, His service be
Extended over land and sea;
His kingdom come, o'er men to reign,
And earth be all the Lord's. Amen.

"This hymn is dated from one of the remotest and most primitive of the rural districts of northern New England; and its chirography betrays a hand used to the plough and the hoe, not the pen. The writer is plainly in a condition of life which in any other country would limit his knowledge to the delving of the few acres on which he lived. But rustic and unlettered as he is, what knowledge and intelligent comprehension his verses exhibit of the structure and the main principles of our government! How many statesmen and journalists abroad, undertaking to enlighten their colleagues or their readers on American affairs, do not speak five minutes, or write five sentences, without committing blunders which this unpretending rustic would at once discover and correct. Nor is his "hymn," or himself at all peculiar in this. Many of those received from various similar quarters showed a like knowledge and apprehension; each one of these, too, being the production of a man who in this regard was but one of the hundreds and thousands of his neighbors. For we must remember that thought and knowledge are not to be measured by the power to put them into rhyme. True, these men are better farmers and blacksmiths than poets. But there is need that they should be. Said Prince Napoleon, when he was told that a Lieutenant Colonel whom he saw at one of our volunteer camps, had been an *epicier*, "I cannot but see that a French Lieutenant-Colonel would be a better officer; but what I most think of is, how different a man in France the *epicier* would be." * * Such men as the author of these verses are worth more to a nation than colonels and poets. Such compositions, coming from such men, though falling short, or shooting wide of a national hymn, show that there is an unuttered hymn ever sounding in the breast of this nation, to embody which would task the powers of the mightiest poet that has ever sung."

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Our first impression on glancing over this volume was that it was too miscellaneous—needed a severer sifting of the enduring from the transitory. On one page we find "The Chambered Nautilus," a poem of exquisite and finished beauty, on the next perhaps some verses, dashed off to enliven a public dinner or other passing occasion. But on further reading we found sifting not so easy. The lightest effusions have an airy grace and genial humor that plead for their admission—the golden touch is everywhere; and second thought decided that as an embalming of the versatile genius of the poet and the varied characteristics of the man, the book is best as it is. "The New Eden," and "After a Lecture on Wordsworth," are full of pleasant images of natural beauty. "Musa" is perfect music—a rich and choice poem. "The Two Armies," "Mid summer," "Iris, her Book," are favorites. The numerous friends and admirers of Dr. Holmes will welcome these "Songs in Many Keys" among their choicest treasures of poetry.

JENKINS'S VEST POCKET LEXICON. This dictionary includes all *except* familiar words—including the principal scientific and technical terms, foreign moneys, weights, &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

NON RESISTANCE.

Perhaps too far in these considerate days
Has patience carried her submissive ways;
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow and turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude caitiff strike the other too!
—*Holmes.*

☞ When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of summer just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked.—*Warwicke.*

☞ Silk does not wear as well now as it did in the days of our grandmothers. Why? Because the silk manufactured in modern times is almost always adulterated with an article called *Jute.* It is the fibre of a species of hemp grown in the East Indies—chiefly in Bengal.

☞ When a person is very ill, he says "God has afflicted me;" but if he feels very happy, and very well, how rarely does he say "God has made me happy." How prone are we to think God is at burials, but not at bridals; how prone to think God is in all that is dark, sepulchral and gloomy, but not in the midst of all that is bright, giving it greater brightness, and in all that is joyful, adding to its intensity and its purity.

☞ A lady of our city, says the Belfast Journal, while engaged in domestic occupations, a few days since, hearing a caller ring at the door, made haste to change her apparel. She found, however, that all her trouble had been taken to make herself presentable to a *blind woman*, on an errand of charity.

☞ By a careful estimate of pew rent and incidental expenses of church support, the Gospel Banner fixes the average price of sermons, per hearer, at from 3 to 6¼ cents apiece—or about the value of one cigar.

☞ Queer ideas of civilization some folks have. A missionary in London was riding outside of a cab, and told the driver that he had been to China. Cabby was much interested, and promptly asked, "Are they civilized like people about there, sir? Do they take their gin of a morning?"

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CAIRO.

REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERIES—THE FEDERAL GUNBOAT FLEET—THE RIO GRANDE BLOCKADED—A SCHOONER BURNED—GALVESTON TO BE BURNED—CAPTURE OF REBEL STEAMERS.

CAIRO, Jan. 5.—Six hundred submarine batteries have been planted between Columbus and Memphis by the rebels. A gentleman who witnessed the experiments made with these batteries stated that they were entirely successful.

The crews of the Federal gunboats were mustered in on Saturday, and the whole fleet will probably be anchored in the stream on Monday.

The Memphis Appeal of the 18th ult. has the following from Texas:—The Galveston Civilian of the 18th says that last night's mail brought advices from the Rio Grande to the effect that one of Lincoln's steam propellers had arrived and was blockading the river. She had captured and burned a schooner.

The fight was still progressing at Matamoras.

The Houston Telegraph of the 20th says that the people of Galveston are in a considerable stew over the report that Gen. Herbert had ordered the destruction of Galveston if the city could not be defended.

The Union fleet near New Orleans and Lake Ponchartrain have captured several rebel steamers.

ATTACK OF THE REBELS—THE UNION TROOPS RETIRE—THE RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH DESTROYED—AN ARTILLERY FIGHT.

POINT OF ROCKS, Jan. 5.—Six thousand rebels attacked the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, near Hancock, yesterday, while protecting the railroad. After a slight skirmish, our men retired to this side of the Potomac to await reinforcements. Meanwhile, the rebels destroyed the railroad and telegraph lines, breaking our communication with Cumberland.

Gen. Lardner is marching to the relief of the Fifth regiment, with a sufficient force.—The loss on either side is unknown, but believed to be trifling.

The rebels have been shelling our position at intervals all day. Our artillery has been responding. The rebel shells did no mischief.

FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 3, via Baltimore, Jan. 4.—The steamboat George Washington left Old Point at 11 o'clock this morning and proceeded up James river, about nine miles beyond Newport News, where the rebel steamer Northampton was met with Union prisoners from Richmond. The number released is two hundred and forty, nearly all of whom were taken at the battle of Bull Run.

A scouting party left this place this morning, and proceeding to Great Bethel, found the place occupied by a guard of cavalry only. The place was taken possession of by the scouting party, and a guard left there.

The great railroad bridge over Green river, Kentucky, is at length rebuilt. It is a lofty trestle structure. General Buell was at the head of his army of 60,000 men. He has one hundred pieces of artillery and 3,000 cavalry. A reserve of 30,000 men will guard the depots, railroad bridges, transportation trains, etc.

THE steamship Northern Light arrived at New York on Saturday, from Aspinwall, bringing the California mails and $711,000 in gold.

HALIFAX, Jan. 4.—The steamship Magdeline, from Southampton on December 21, has arrived at this port, with 1,000 troops for Canada.

FROM THE SOUTH.

The following is a dispatch to the Richmond Examiner:—

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 2.—Fighting on the coast commenced yesterday. Thirty-five hundred of the enemy landed on the main, near Port Royal ferry. They were met with the bayonet by two regiments of our troops. The Yankees fled precipitately, throwing away their arms as they ran. They were driven into their boats. The howitzers on the boats opened fire on our troops, killing six and wounding twelve South Carolinians. The enemy's loss is about the same.

To day the enemy landed in much larger force at the same place. Gen. Gregg's brigade fell back a short distance to an eligible position. The pickets were skirmishing all day.

The enemy design an attack on the railroad and cannot avoid a battle.

RENEWAL OF THE BATTLE AND DEFEAT OF THE REBELS—Passengers from Richmond, who left that city on the 3rd inst., state that news had been received here that Commodore Dupont landed thirty-five hundred troops on the main land near Port Royal ferry on New Year's day. An engagement ensued in which the rebels repulsed the Union troops. On January 2nd the attempt was renewed with better success, and Gen. Gregg's South Carolina brigade was driven back with heavy lose.

THE RAILROAD NEAR CHARLESTON SEIZED—GREAT FIRE AT RICHMOND—BALTIMORE, Jan 4—The Charleston Mercury has a dispatch stating that a large force of Federals had landed on the North Edisto, and seized the railroad station No. 4, on the Charleston and Savannah railroad.

Sixteen war vessels are reported at Ship Island.

A destructive fire had occurred at Richmond, burning the theatre and other valuable property.

THE ATTACK FROM FORT PICKENS.—Mobile, Jan. 1.—A Confederate steamer going from Pensacola to the navy yard was fired upon yesterday from the batteries at Fort Pickens. Gen. Bragg's batteries replied, and the firing was continued at the last accounts.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE HUMAN FACE.—The human face is a chart on which the spirit traces her course over the sea of life. The chart you look at to day will five years hence be marked by many new lines and dots and shapings. Countenances that you knew a quarter of a century ago have since then become covered with the scrawled story of trouble and sin, or bear the illuminated track of a happy voyage. If men only knew how much their neighbors could tell about them by looking in their faces, there would be a trifle less impudence in the world.

☞ There is a man in the West who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping-place.

☞ COOL.—The Jeff. Davis Confederacy is said to be getting so hard up for troops that it has commenced the seizure of the tobacco chewers in order to secure their "old soldiers."

☞ A man was recently recommending a certain railroad on which he had been travelling. "Why," said he, "it is one of the best roads in the country. You can *ride longer* on it for seven York shillings than on any other on which I ever travelled."

TWILIGHT.

Come hither, Lucy, with thy mother's smile,
And sit beside me here a little while,—
Here, by this widowed heart,
From which thou must so soon, alas, depart.

I dare not think what I shall lose in thee
Beyond the sweetness of thy company,
My friend, my daughter-wife,
The latest tie that binds me still to life.

A flow'ret blooming from thy mother's grave,
Thou wert the little hope that courage gave,
And bade my heart good cheer,
When all around, below, above, was drear.

Wan-hope had weighed my spirit to the dust
(As yet, alas, I had not learnt to trust),
When thou in cradle laid,
A helpless infant, came unto my aid.

Thou wert a pledge that I was not forgot,
Teacher of wisdom, though thou know'st it not;
Who noble deeds had done
While yet thine own frail life had scarce begun.

I taught thee all I knew; thou taughtest more.
Thy little debt of life was paid before
Thine inarticulate speech
Could lisp the lessons that it help'd to teach.

The innocence that sparkled in thine eyes
Was Wisdom better far than being wise;
And in thy smile was writ
A purity more powerful than wit.

But oh! thou wert so bright and frail a thing,
So like a gentle Angel-changeling,
That I would often fear
Thou wert too spirit-like to tarry here.

But Heaven, that tempts not mortals over-much,
Left thee to pilot me with gentle touch
Safe past the rocky land
Whereon my drifting soul was nigh to strand.

Nay, weep not, child! I know it must be so:
Thy work is done; 'tis good that thou should'st go;
Nature, and Love, and I
Bid thee depart—albeit with a sigh.

Thou needs must leave the old man for the boy,
To find in other life another joy.
The greater grief to me
Is that I must not, cannot follow thee.

There swells a mound in yonder sacred field,
That only grass and storied stones doth yield,
Whose sweet yet potent sway
Forbids my spell-bound footsteps far to stray.

See!—though the Sun departs, his Glory stays;
The air is dimly bright with golden haze,
And all things, far and near,
Glow soft and perfect, beautiful and clear.

So, though with thee my Present flies for ever,
The sweetness of the Past shall perish never,
Till Memory's soft twilight
Has lit my spirit to the shades of night.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The chess world (for there is a "world" in chess as in other matters) has lately been startled by a very extraordinary performance at one of the "divans" of the metropolis. A young American has played *ten* games at once, against an equal number of players, without, on his part, obtaining a single glimpse at any one of the chess-boards.

The feat is not new; but never before was it performed so triumphantly as in the present day. The writers who have ferreted out the early history of this beautiful game have found the name of one Tchelebi, who, nearly nine centuries ago, was able to play at chess without seeing the board. Many persons in the East acquired the art of playing by *feeling* instead of *seeing* the pieces; but that is a very different affair, since in such a case the sense of touch comes in aid of the memory. In 1266, a Saragen, named Buzecca, came to Florence, and at the Palazzo del Popolo played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. He won two of the games, and made a *drawn* or abandoned game of the other. As all his competitors were skillful players, his achievement caused irrepressible astonishment. At various times, in later centuries, this mode of play was exhibited by different persons—Ruy Lopez, the author of one of the earliest treatises on chess; Mangiolini, of Florence, Zerone, Medrano, Leonardi da Cutri, Paolo Boi, Salvio, and others, many of whom were Spaniards. Boi is reputed to have played three games at once without seeing the board. Damiano, an Italian, who wrote a treatise on chess more than three centuries and a half ago, gave what he called "Rules" for learning to play without seeing the board; but his rules are worth very little, amounting chiefly to a recommendation to cultivate the memory. Keysler, in his *Account of Turin* (1740), says: "The late Father Sacchieri, lecturer on Mathematics at Pavia, was a remarkable instance of the strength of the human understanding, particularly that faculty of the soul we term memory. He could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the three chess-boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him what piece his antagonist had moved, and Sacchieri could direct what step was to be taken on his side, holding, at the same time, conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game, and in this manner incontestably decided the proper place of the piece. This uncommon dexterity at the game of chess appears to me almost the greatest instance that can be produced of a surprising memory."

The most celebrated player of the last century, however, in this peculiar achievement, was the Frenchman, Andre Danican, who then, and afterwards, was generally known by the name of Philidor. In 1743, when Philidor was about eighteen years old, M. de Legalle asked him whether he had ever tried to play from memory, without seeing the board. The youth replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games, at night in bed, he thought he could do it. He immediately played a game with the Abbe Chenard, which he won without seeing the board. After that a little practice enabled him to play nearly as well in this as in the ordinary fashion—sometimes two games at once. The French *Cyclopedie* told of a particular game in which a false move was purposely made by his antagonist; Philidor discovered it after many moves, and replaced the pieces in their proper position. Forty years afterwards he was residing in England, where he astonished English players by his blindfold achievements at a chess-club in St. James's street. He played three games at once with Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres, the first two of whom were reputed the best players at that time in England. Philidor won two of the games, and drew the third, all within two hours. On another occasion, in the same year (1783), he played three games at once, blindfold as before, and giving the odds of pawn and move to one of his antagonists; again did he win two of the games, and draw the third. His demeanor during these labors surprised his visitors as much as his skill, for he kept up a lively conversation during his games.

Many eminent chess players, including M'Donnell, La Bourdonnaye, Staunton, &c., have achieved these blindfold wonders, in greater or less degree, since the days of Philidor. M'Donnell, a famous player about thirty years ago, played his moves even more rapidly without than with the board; he did not object to any amount of conversation in the room during his play, but disliked whispers. La Bourdonnaye could play within a shade of his full strength without seeing the board; he won against good players, on some occasions two at a time; but when trying the three-fold labor, his brain nearly gave way, and he wisely abandoned all such modes of playing his favorite game. Mr. Staunton, the leading English player at present, (but who has almost ceased to play since he undertook the editing of an edition of Shakspeare) some years ago played many blind-fold games with Harrwitz and Kieseritzky, foreign players of note.

Very recently, however, all the honors of Europe, in this department of in-door games, have been run away with by two young Americans, Morphy and Paulsen. Paul Morphy, a native of New Orleans, seemed to be born with chess in his blood; he played almost from childhood; and at thirteen years of age he proved a formidable antagonist to Herr Lowenthal, a noted Hungarian. In 1857, when just twenty years of age, Morphy encountered Paulsen, a native of Iowa, only a little older than himself, at a chess congress in New Orleans. All the gray-beards struck their flag to Paulsen, and then he struck to Morphy. Of Morphy's subsequent achievements in regular play, which stamp him as perhaps the first living chess player (we say this with fear and trembling, however, for the knights of the game are a sensitive race), we will not speak here, for our purpose is only to notice the blindfold performances. At the chess congress above mentioned he finely played a blindfold game with a leading German player. Early in 1858 he struck the New Orleanists with amazement by playing *six* games simultaneously, without seeing any of the boards, winning five of them, and exhibiting beautiful play throughout. He then came to Europe, not only to "lick the Britishers," but "all creation;" and it must be admitted that he made great progress towards that achievement. At a meeting of the Chess Association at Birmingham, in August, 1858, he played *eight* games simultaneously, without sight of the boards. His opponents were Lord Lyttleton, and seven other persons, mostly presidents or secretaries of provincial chess clubs. Against such players, and under such tremendous conditions, he won no less than six games out of the eight, drawing a seventh, and losing the eighth. In the following month he went over and astonished the Parisians in a similar way; he contended blindfold against eight practised players at once, at the *Cafe de la Regence*, a famous resort of chess players; and out of these he did not lose even one; he was the victor in six, and drew the other two. In the spring of 1859 Morphy contended against eight of the most experienced members of the London Chess Club, including Mr. Mongredien and Mr. Walker, two distinguished players. He won two games and drew the other six—all the players except himself being wearied out by a very protracted sitting. A few days afterwards he played with eight members of the St. George's Chess Club, including Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, and Captain Kennedy; he won five, and the rest were drawn through want of time to finish them.

Nevertheless, inconceivable as these mental labors are, Morphy yields to Paulsen in blindfold play. There are whispers of twelve or fifteen games having been tried simultaneously by the latter; but the number *ten* has been most certainly reached, under conditions of the utmost publicity.

On the 7th of October in the present year, at a Divan in the Strand, ten players accepted Mr. Paulsen's challenge to grapple with them all simultaneously, the boards being placed out of his sight. One of the players was M. Sabouroff, secretary to the Russian Embassy in London; the other nine comprised many names well known among chess-players. Ten chess boards were placed on ten tables in the room. An arm-chair, turned away towards a window, was mounted on a dais. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Paulsen, a quiet, courteous young man, with not a trace of "brag" in him, took his seat in this arm-chair. For twelve mortal hours he never rose, never ate, never smoked, and drank nothing but a little lemonade. What were his mental labors during that time, we shall see. His ten antagonists took their seats at the ten tables; and each table speedily became the centre of a group of spectators, whose comments were not always so silent as in fairness they ought to have been. Paulsen could not see any of the chess-boards. Herr Kling, a noted player and teacher of chess, acted as general manager. He called the boards by numbers—No. 1 to 10. Paulsen audibly announced his first move for board No. 1; Kling made that move; the antagonist replied to it; Kling audibly announced the reply; Paulsen considered what should be his second move, and when he had audibly announced his decision, Kling made the proper move on the board. Here No. 1 rested for a while. No. 2 now made his move, leading to the same course of proceeding as before. Then No. 3 in the same way; then No. 4; and so on to No. 10; after which No. 1 began a new cycle, by playing a second move; and thus they proceeded over and over again.

Now, let us see what all this implies and involves. Chess is not one of the most frolicsome of games; indeed, ladies generally declare it to be very dull, seeing that a chess-player is apt to be "grumpy" if spoken to on other matters while playing. The truth is, there is a demand for much mental work in managing a game well; the combinations and subtleties, the attacks and counter-attacks, are so numerous and varied, as to keep the mind pretty fully occupied. Nevertheless, a fine game between two fine players is mere child's play compared with this wonderful achievement of Paulsen's. He was obliged to form ten mental pictures; and every picture changed with every move, like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope. Most persons, even though knowing nothing of the game, are aware that it begins with thirty-two pieces of different colors and forms, and that these move about over a board of sixty-four squares. After every change of position in any one of the pieces, Paulsen must have changed his mental picture of the board, the field of battle, and then made that a fixture until the next move was made. This is hard enough to even one game, against an antagonist who has his eyes to help him in planning attacks and defences; but how hard must it be against ten! It is difficult to conceive what is the condition of the mental machinery under such circumstances; and yet, there he sat, the calmest man in the room. When told of his antagonists' doings, one by one, he looked quietly out of the window, and rubbed his chin, as a man often does when thinking, and then announced his move—never mistaking board No. 1 for No 7, No. 9 for No. 8—never failing to recover the proper mental picture, and make the proper change in it; never embarrassed; never making an unlawful move, or likely to lose sight (mental sight) of any unlawful move made by his antagonists. Nor did he obtain the least pause for mental rest. Without one minute's interval, as soon as he had announced a move for one board, he was required to attend to the move of another antagonist at another board. Hour after hour did this continue—all the afternoon, all the evening, midnight, until two in the morning. He made two hundred and seventy moves in the twelve hours, twenty-seven per game on an average; this gave two minutes and a quarter for the consideration of each move. As all his moves were met by corresponding moves on the part of his antagonists, he was called upon to form five hundred and forty complete mental pictures in twelve consecutive hours, each picture representing the exact mode in which all the sixty-four squares of a chess-board were occupied. Paulsen won two games, lost three, and drew five.

MY LITTLE HEART.

The sun is set, but there falls no dew;
The year is old and the moon is new;
My fate is cruel, my heart is free,
And I sit in the silence and think of thee,
My dearest, dear little heart.

I sit in the silence and watch the skies,
As the tender red of the evening dies;
My fate is cruel, but faith defies
The dreary night that between us lies,
My dearest, dear little heart.

All the dreaming is broken through;
Both what is done and undone I rue;
Nothing is steadfast and nothing true
But your love for me and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

When the wild waves ebb, when the wild waves flow,
When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dear little heart.

The time is weary, the year is old;
The light of the lily burns close to the mould;
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold,
My dearest, dear little heart.

WHAT AGASSIZ HAS DONE.—Hear what Agassiz, the greatest living naturalist, says of himself. He has commenced, in the January number of the Atlantic Monthly, a series of articles entitled "Methods of Study in Natural History." See with what modesty this new Cuvier speaks of himself:—"I have devoted my whole life to the study of nature, and yet a single sentence may express all I have done. I have shown that there is a correspondence between the succession of fishes in geological times, and the different stages of their growth in the egg. That is all."

THE BREATH.—In a life of fifty years, a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventy tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of the deleterious carbonic acid; and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of this function, whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to get rid of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It chanced upon a merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church, across the moorland weary,—
"Oh! never sin, and want, and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mask the wailing sound they sing so cheery.
How long, oh, Lord! how long before Thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery."

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing,
And a voice cried:—"Listen! Christmas carols even here!
Though you be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing;
Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels' singing."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE FISHMONGER'S DAUGHTER.

A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

Some time in 1858, the Fourth Light Infantry were quartered at Dorchester, in England, and officers and men soon formed large circles of acquaintances in that vicinity. One of the most dashing of the officers was an "illigant" captain named William Henry Magan, who was "an Irishman, stately and tall," and who had the aristocratic prestige of having been the member for Westmeath. This fast gentleman speedily made himself a great favorite with the Dorchester ladies, but paid his special devotions to Miss Miles, a fishmonger's daughter, who acted as an assistant in one of the shops of the town. Notwithstanding the great disparity of their social positions, the gay captain fell seriously in love with this low-born beauty, and after sending her any quantity of love letters, asked her to marry him. To this she consented, and was making preparations for the altar, when it leaked out that

"Misther Magan,
The illigant man,"

was married already, his wife being the daughter of an earl. This development rather overwhelmed Ellen at first; but finally indignation took the place of grief, and, through her friends, she commenced a suit at Bristol against the captain for breach of marriage promise. The general features of the case getting into the papers at the time, there was some curiosity to attend the trial; but just as public expectation had worked itself up to fever pitch, it was announced that Ellen had concluded to withdraw her suit—Magan voluntarily paying her two thousand pounds in consideration thereof.

People thought that such sudden "caving in" on the part of the defendant was rather mysterious, until it was discovered that Ellen had agreed to return the love letters as soon as she received the money. Mr. Magan paid the two thousand promptly, and upon receiving the billets, burnt them. At the same time he assured the fair Ellen that his love for her was genuine, and asked as a personal favor that she would not marry under three years.

After being a nine-days' wonder the case was forgotten, and the parties went their ways—the girl being considered fortunate in having secured a nice dowry.

On the 24th of last August, however, the quidnuncs of Bristol were astonished with the announcement of a marriage between W. H. Magan, Esq., of Cloncarl, Ireland, and Miss Ellen Miles, of Dorchester. Two years after his affair with Ellen, the gentleman had lost his wife, and, being anxious to prove that his affection for the fishmonger's daughter was genuine, he sought her out, and again offered her his hand. There being no earl's daughter in the way this time, he was accepted, and the pair were made one at Yeoville Church.

Magan, however, was not destined to enjoy his new happiness long. A few weeks ago he died suddenly at Weymouth—just one month after his romantic marriage.

THE THREE LOVING SISTERS.

The wise Emperor Theodosius had three daughters. Wishing to discover which of them loved him best, he said to the first:—

"How much do you love me?"

"More than myself," was the reply.

Pleased with her affection, he gave her in marriage to a mighty King. Then he came to the second, and asked how much she loved him?

"As much as I do myself," she answered.

The Emperor married her to a Duke. Afterwards, he inquired of his third daughter:—

"And how much do you love me?"

"As much as you deserve, and no more," was her somewhat pert response.

Her father thought an Earl was good enough for her. Some time after this the Emperor was beaten in battle by the King of Egypt, and was driven from the land he had long ruled so wisely.

In his distress he naturally thought of his affectionate first-born; and writing an epistle to her with his own hand, entreated her, in most pathetic words, to succor him. Her husband was willing to assist his father-in-law to the utmost of his power; but the unnatural daughter declared that five knights only should be sent to him, to remain with him till he should regain his crown. Theodosius was of heavy heart when he saw but five horsemen riding towards him, instead of the countless spears he hoped soon to see bristling on the horizon; but he concealed his emotion, and wrote for aid to his second daughter. She was willing to find him food and clothing fitting for his rank during the continuance of his misfortune, but would not suffer her "doughty duke" to lead an army into the field in his behalf. The Emperor, almost in despair, applied last of all to his third daughter, and she, shedding full floods of tears, when she heard of her father's melancholy circumstances, prevailed upon her lord to raise a valiant host, by means of which Theodosius was quickly enabled to resume the imperial purple. Grieved that he had given her credit for so little affection, when, as he found, it was the ruling passion of her heart, he willed his sceptre to his loving child.

BOX.

Many long years ago, Charles Mathews the elder, in one of his "Entertainments," used to give a humorous description of the numerous acceptations in which the word *box* may be taken; but as few of our readers have had the felicity of witnessing this "Entertainment," and as we are not sure that the "Entertainment" itself exists in print, we shall endeavor to ascertain, in this article, in how many different ways the aforesaid *box* may be used. We ourselves have neither beheld the "Entertainment" nor seen the text thereof; and therefore our present object is entirely an original speculation relative to the various meanings of a particular monosyllable. We believe that there is no single word in any language which can be used in so many different ways, and those ways so opposite to each other. There are several words which express two or three meanings; but none of so amphibological a quality as *box*.

In the first place, *box* expresses a portable machine, large or small, in which articles may be placed. We may therefore consider that when used to signify either a snuff-box or a large packing-case, the meaning in these cases may be taken as one instance only of peculiar signification. We shall now insert a conversation between divers imaginary beings, whom we shall represent by the letters of the alphabet, in order to illustrate the various ways in which the word *box* may be used.

A. Will you have the kindness to lend me your snuff-*box*?

B. It is my intention to plant the edges of the borders in my garden with *box*.

C. It was Tom Sayers who taught me to *box*.

D. My friend has invented a new plan for the *box* of carriage-wheels.

E. Whenever I travel, I invariably take care to have a good *box*-coat with me.

F. Linen never looks so well as when it has undergone the process of the *box*-iron.

G. I intend to take a *box* at the opera for the ensuing season.

H. The best seat outside the coach is next to the driver, on the *box*.

I. I am very much afraid that my poor friend has got into the wrong *box*.

J. I intended to give him a very handsome Christmas-*box*.

K. He was reading the Miscellany in the *box* near the fire-place, in the coffee-room.

L. I hope that I shall not be compelled to give evidence against my friend in the witness-*box*.

M. He taught him how to *box* the compass.

N. Lord Scamperdale has got a most beautiful little shooting-*box* at Melton.

O. The poor soldier will have to stand for three hours on duty in his sentry-*box*.

P. If you're a naughty boy, I shall give you a *box* on the ear.

Q. What an extraordinary chatter-*box* that young lady is.

R. He threw the newspaper into the letter-*box* at the post-office.

S. That man will be ruined; his existence is devoted to the dice-*box*.

T. That unskilful carpenter has broken the *box* of the screw.

U. The sailor received the order to *box*-off, which lightened the vessel forward.

V. A second order directed him to *box*-haul without an instant's delay.

W. To *box* is also a verb active, meaning the act of placing things in a box.

X. The fury of the waves dashed in the planks of the paddle-*box*.

Y. The axle of the wheels work through a stuffing-*box*.

Z. The new loom contains an improved shuttle-*box*.

We use *box* indiscriminately for large or small packing-cases—for the receptacles for pills, as well as for those which contain weighty merchandise. The French make a difference between the large box and the small; *caisse* expresses the former, and *cassette* the latter. *Buis* stands for box in the garden; *soufflet* for a box on the ear; *loge* for a box at the theatre; *errou* for the box of a screw; and *se battre* for boxing with the fists.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.—No doubt there are many of our readers who understand this delightful art to perfection; but there are certain conditions of animal economy, even in a state of health, when "tired nature's sweet restorer" refuses to close our lids, and seems pertinaciously to fly from us, though wooed ever so warmly. The most natural and facile method is to place the head in a comfortable position, and then, taking a full inspiration, breathe as much as possible through the nostrils. The attention must now be fixed upon the fact of breathing. The patient must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils; and the very moment he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and—he sleeps. The method is strange, but simple, and the experiment will prove its truth.

☞ Big Bethel, Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff have been called "*Stinging Bees*." We suppose Beaufort must be considered a *Bomb-le-Bee*.

THE MYSTERY OF FERNWOOD;

OR,

THE EVIL OF CONCEALMENT.

PART II.

I can remember little more that happened upon that horrible night. I have a vague recollection of opening my eyes upon a million dazzling lights, which slowly resolved themselves into the one candle held in Lucy Wendale's hand, as she stood beside the bed upon which I was lying. My aunt, wrapped in her dressing-gown, sat by my pillow. My face and hair were dripping with the vinegar-and-water they had thrown over me, and I could hear Laurence, in the corridor outside my bed-room door, asking again and again, "Is she better? Has she quite come to?"

But of all this I was only dimly conscious; a load of iron seemed pressing upon my forehead, and icy hands seemed riveted upon the back of my head, holding it tightly to the pillow on which it lay. I could no more have lifted it than I could have lifted a ton-weight. I could only lie staring with stupid dull eyes at Lucy's pale face, silently wishing that she and my aunt would go, and leave me to myself.

I suppose I was feverish and a little light-headed all that night—acting over and over again the brief scene of my meeting with the weird shadow of my lover. All the stories I had laughed at might be true, then. I had seen the phantom of the man I loved! The horrible double, shaped perhaps out of impalpable air, but as terribly distinct to the eye as if it had been a form of flesh and blood.

Lucy was sitting by my bed-side when I awoke from a short sleep which had succeeded the long night of fever. How intensely refreshing that brief but deep slumber was to me! How delicious the gradual fading out of the sense of horror and bewilderment, with all the hideous confusions of delirium, into the blank tranquillity of dreamless sleep! When I awoke, my head was still painful, and my frame as feeble as if I had lain for a week on a sick bed; but my brain was cleared, and I was able to think quietly of what had happened.

"Lucy," I said, "you do not know what frightened me, or why I fainted."

"No, dearest, not exactly."

"But you can know nothing of it, Lucy. You were not with me when I came into this room last night. You did not see—"

I paused, unable to finish my sentence.

"Did not see whom—or what, dear Isabel?"

"The shadow of your brother Laurence."

My whole frame trembled with the recollection of my terror of the night before, as I said this; yet I was able to observe Lucy's face, and I saw that its natural hue had faded to an ashen pallor.

"The shadow, Isabel!" she faltered, not as if in any surprise at my words, but rather as if she merely spoke because she felt obliged to make some reply to me.

"Yes, Lucy," I said, raising myself upon the *pillow*, and *grasping* her wrist, "the shadow of your brother Laurence. The living, breathing, moving image of your brother, with every lineament and every shade of coloring reflected in the phantom face as they would be reflected in a mirror. Not shadowy, transparent, or vanishing, but as palpable as you are to me at this very moment. Good heavens! Lucy, I give you my solemn word that I heard the phantom footsteps along that gallery as distinctly as I have ever heard the steps of Laurence himself; the firm heavy tread of a strong man."

Lucy Wendale sat for some time perfectly silent, looking straight before her—not at me, but out at the half-opened window, round which the ivy-leaves were fluttering, to the dim moor-land melting into purple distance across the tree-tops in the park. Her profile was turned towards me; but I could see by her firmly compressed lips and fixed eyes that she was thinking deeply.

Presently she said, slowly and deliberately, without once looking at me as she spoke,

"You must be fully aware, my dearest Isabel, that these delusions are of common occurrence with people of an extremely sensitive temperament. You may be one of these delicately organized persons; you had thrown yourself last night into a very nervous and hysterical state in your anxiety about Laurence. With your whole mind full of his image, with all kinds of shadowy terrors about danger to him, what more likely than that you should conjure up an object such as that which you fancy you saw last night?"

"But so palpable, Lucy, so distinct!"

"It would be as easy for the brain to shape a distinct as an indistinct form. Grant the possibility of optical delusion—a fact established by a host of witnesses—and you cannot limit the character of the delusion. But I must get our doctor, Mr. Arden, to talk to you about this. He is something of a metaphysician as well as a medical man, and will be able to cure your mental ills, and regulate this feverish pulse of yours at the same time. Laurence has ridden over to York to fetch him, and I dare say they will both be here directly."

"Lucy, remember, you must never tell Laurence the cause of my last night's fainting-fit."

"Never, Isabel. I was about to make the very same request to you. It is much better that he should never know it."

"Much better; for, oh, Lucy, do you remember that in all ghost-stories the appearance of the shadow, or double, of a living person is a presage of death to that person? The thought of this brings back all my terror. My Laurence, my darling, if anything should happen to him!"

"Come, Bella, Mr. Arden must talk to you. In the meantime, here comes Mrs. Porson with your breakfast. While you are taking it, I will go to the library, and look for Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*. You will

find several instances in that book of the optical delusions I have spoken of."

The housekeeper came bustling into the room with a breakfast-tray, which she placed on a table by the bed. When she had arranged everything for my comfort, and propped me up with a luxuriant pile of pillows, she turned round to speak to Lucy Wendale.

"Oh, Miss Lucy," she said, "poor James Beck is so awfully cut up. If you'd only just see him, and tell him—"

Lucy silenced her with one look; a brief but all-expressive glance of warning and reproval. I could not help wondering what possible reason there could be for making a mystery of some little trouble of James Beck's.

Mr. Arden, the York surgeon, was the most delightful of men. He came with Lucy into my room, and laughed and chatted me out of my low spirits before he had been with me a quarter of an hour. He talked so much of hysteria, optical delusions, false impressions of outward objects, disordered and abnormal states of the organ of sight, and other semi-mental, semi-physical infirmities, that he fairly bewildered me into agreeing with and believing all he said.

"I hear you are a most accomplished horsewoman, Miss Morley," he said, as he rose to leave us; "and as the day promises to be fine, I most strongly recommend a canter across the moors, with Mr. Wendale as your cavalier. Go to sleep between this and luncheon; rise in time to eat a mutton-chop and drink a glass of bitter ale; ride for two hours in the sunniest part of the afternoon, take a light dinner, and go to bed early; and I will answer for your seeing no more of the ghost. You have no idea how much indigestion has to do with these things. I dare say if I were to see your bill of fare for yesterday, I should discover that the phantom made his first appearance among the *entrees*. Who can wonder that the Germans are a ghost-seeing people, when it is remembered that they eat raspberry-jam with roast veal?"

I followed the doctor's advice to the letter; and at three o'clock in the afternoon Laurence and I were galloping across the moorland, tinged with a yellow, hazy light in the September sunshine. Like most impressionable people, I soon recovered from my nervous shock; and by the time I sprang from the saddle before the wide stone portico at Fernwood I had almost forgotten my terrors of the night before.

A fortnight after this my aunt and I left Yorkshire for Brighton, whither Laurence speedily followed us. Before leaving, I did all in my power to induce Lucy to accompany us, but in vain. She thanked my aunt and I for our invitation, but declared that she could not leave Fernwood. We departed, therefore, without having won her, as I had hoped to have done, from the monotony of her solitary life, and without having seen Mr. Wendale's invalid dependent, the mysterious occupant of the west wing.

Early in November Laurence was summoned from Brighton by the arrival of a black-bordered letter, written by Lucy, and telling *him of his father's death. Mr. Wendale* had been found by his servant, seated in an easy-chair in his study, with his head lying back upon the cushions, and an open book on the carpet at his feet, dead. He had long suffered from disease of the heart.

My lover wrote me long letters from Yorkshire, telling me how his mother and sister bore the blow which had fallen upon them so suddenly. It was a quiet and subdued sorrow, rather than any tempestuous grief, which reigned in the narrow circle at Fernwood. Mr. Wendale had been an invalid for many years, giving very little of his society to his wife and daughter. His death, therefore, though sudden, had not been unexpected, nor did his loss leave any great blank in that quiet home. Laurence spent Christmas at Fernwood, but returned to us for the new year; and it was then settled that we should go down to Yorkshire early in February, in order to superintend the restoration and alteration of the old place.

All was arranged for our journey, when, on the very day on which we were to start, Laurence came to Onslow Square with a letter from his mother, which he had only just received. Lady Adela wrote a few hurried lines to beg us to delay our visit for some days, as they had decided on removing Mr. Thomas, before the alterations were commenced, to a cottage which was being prepared for him near York. The invalid had not been left a pauper by the death of his patron, as by Mr. Wendale's will an annuity of two hundred a year was left to Thomas Wendale.

"I will not hear of the visit being delayed an hour," Laurence said impatiently, as he thrust Lady Adela's crumpled letter into his pocket. "My poor foolish mother and sister are really too absurd about this first or fifth cousin of ours, Thomas Wendale. Let him leave Fernwood or let him stay at Fernwood, just as he, or his nurse, or his medical man, may please; but I certainly shall not allow his arrangements to interfere with ours. So, ladies, I shall be perfectly ready to escort you by the eleven o'clock express."

Mrs. Trevor remonstrated, declaring that she would rather delay our visit according to Lady Adela's wish; but my impetuous Laurence would not hear a word, and under a black and moonless February sky we drove up the avenue at Fernwood.

We met Mr. Arden in the hall as we entered; there seemed something ominous in receiving our first greeting from the family doctor, and Laurence was for a moment alarmed by his presence.

"My mother? Lucy?" he said anxiously; "they are well, I hope?"

"Perfectly well; I have not been attending them. I have just come from Mr. Thomas."

"Is he worse?"

"I fear he is rather worse than usual."

Our welcome was scarcely a cordial one, for both Lucy and Lady Adela were evidently embarrassed by our unexpected arrival. Their black dresses, half covered with crape, the mourning liveries of the servants, the vacant seat of the master, the dismal winter weather and ceaseless beating of the rain upon the window-panes without, gave a more than usually dreary aspect to the place, and seemed to chill us to the very soul.

Those who at any period of their lives have suffered some terrible and crushing affliction, some never-to-be-forgotten trouble, for which even the hand of Time has no lessening influence, which increases rather than diminishes as the slow course of a hopeless life carries us further from it, so that as we look back we do not ask ourselves why the trial seemed so bitter, but wonder rather how we endured even as we did—those only who have sunk under such a grief as this can know how difficult it is to dissociate the period preceding the anguish from the hour in which it came. I say this lest I should be influenced by after feelings when I describe the dismal shadows that seemed to brood over the hearth round which Lady Adela, my aunt, Laurence, and myself, gathered upon the night of our return to Fernwood.

Lucy had left us; and when her brother inquired about her, Lady Adela said that she was with Mr. Thomas.

As usual, Laurence chafed at the answer. It was hard, he said, that his sister should have to act as sick nurse to this man.

"James Beck has gone to York to prepare for Mr. Thomas," answered Lady Adela, "and the poor boy has no one with him but his nurse."

The poor boy! I wondered why it was that Lady Adela and her step-daughter always alluded to Mr. Thomas as a young man.

Early the next morning Laurence insisted upon my aunt and I accompanying him on a circuit of the house, to discuss the intended alterations. I have already described the gallery, running the whole length of the building, at one end of which was situated the suit of rooms occupied by Mr. Thomas, and at the other extremity those devoted to Mrs. Trevor and myself. Lady Adela's apartments were nearest to those of the invalid, Lucy's next, then the billiard room, and opening out of that the bed and dressing room occupied by Laurence. On the other side of the gallery were servants' and visitors' rooms, and a pretty boudoir sacred to Lady Adela.

Laurence was in very high spirits, planning alterations here and renovations there—bay-windows to be thrown out in one direction, and folding doors knocked through in another—till we laughed heartily at him on finding that the pencil memorandum he was preparing for the architect resolved itself into an order for knocking down the old house and building a new one. We had explored every nook and corner in the place, with the one exception of those mysterious apartments in the left wing. Laurence paused before the green-baize door, but after a moment's hesitation tapped for admittance.

"I have never seen Mr. Thomas, and it is rather awkward to have to ask to look at his rooms while he is in them; but the necessity of the case will be my excuse for intruding on him. The architect will be here to-morrow, and I want to have all my plans ready to submit to him."

The baize door was opened by Lucy Wendale; she started at seeing us.

"What do you want, Laurence?" she said.

"To see Mr. Thomas's rooms. I shall not disturb him, if he will kindly allow me to glance round the apartments."

I could see that there was an inner half-glass door behind that at which Lucy was standing.

"You cannot possibly see the rooms to-day, Laurence," she said hurriedly. "Mr. Thomas leaves early to-morrow morning."

She came out into the gallery, closing the baize door behind her; but as the shutting of the door reverberated through the gallery, I heard another sound that turned my blood to ice, and made me cling convulsively to Laurence's arm.

The *laugh*, the same dissonant laugh that I had heard from the spectral lips of my lover's shadow!

"Lucy," I said, "did you hear that?"

"What?"

"The laugh, the laugh I heard the night that—"

Laurence had thrown his arm round me, alarmed at my terror. His sister was standing a little way behind him; she put her finger to her lips, looking at me significantly.

"You must be mistaken, Isabel," she said quietly.

There was some mystery then connected with this Mr. Thomas—a mystery which, for some especial reason, was to be concealed from Laurence.

Half an hour after this Lucy Wendale came to me as I was searching for a book in the library.

"Isabel," she said, "I wish to say a few words to you."

"Yes, dear Lucy."

"You are to be my sister, and I have perhaps done wrong in concealing from you the one unhappy secret which has clouded the lives of my poor father, my step-mother and myself. But long ago, when Laurence was a child, it was deemed expedient that the grief which was so heavy a load for us should, if possible, be spared to him. My father was so passionately devoted to his handsome, light hearted boy, that he shrank day by day from the thought of revealing to him the afflicting secret which was such a source of grief to himself. We found that, by constant care and watchfulness, it was possible to conceal all from Laurence, and up to this hour we have done so. But it is perhaps better that you should know all; for you will be able to aid us in keeping the knowledge from Laurence, or, if absolutely necessary, you may by-and-by break it to him gently, and reconcile him to an irremediable affliction.

"But this secret—this affliction—it concerns your invalid relation, Mr. Thomas?"

"It does, Isabel."

I know that the words which were to reveal all were trembling upon her lips,—that in one brief moment she would have spoken, and I should have known all. I should have known in time—but before she could utter a syllable, the door was opened by one of the women-servants.

"Oh, miss, if you please," she said, "Mrs. Peters says would you step up stairs this minute?"

Mrs. Peters was the nurse who attended on Mr Thomas.

Lucy pressed my hand. "To-morrow, dearest, to-morrow I will tell you all."

She hurried from the room, and I sank into a chair by the fire, with my book lying open in my lap, unable to read a line, unable to think, except upon one subject,—the secret which I was so soon to learn. If she had but spoken then! A few words more, and what unutterable misery might have been averted!

I was aroused from my reverie by Laurence, who came to challenge me to a game at billiards. On my pleading fatigue as an excuse for refusing, he seated himself on a low stool at my feet, offering to read aloud to me.

'What shall it be, Bella? *Paradise Lost*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson—?'

'Tennyson, by all means! The dreary, rain-blotted sky outside those windows, and the bleak moorland distances, are perfectly Tennysonian. Read *Locksley Hall*."

His deep, melodious voice rolled out the sonderous and swelling verse; but I heard the sound without its meaning. I could only think of the mystery which had been kept so long a secret from my unconscious lover.—When he had finished the poem he threw aside his book, and sat looking earnestly at me.

"My solemn Bella," he said, "what on earth are you thinking of?"

The broad glare of the blaze from a tremendous sea-coal fire was full upon his handsome face. I tried to rouse myself, and laying my hands upon his forehead, pushed back his curling chestnut hair. As I did so, I for the first time perceived a cicatrice across his left temple. A deep gash, as if from the cut of a knife; but a wound of far-distant date.

"Why, Laurence," I said, "you tell me you were never thrown, and yet you have a scar here that looks like the evidence of some desperate fall. Did you get it in hunting?"

"No, my inquisitive Bella! No horse is to blame for that personal embellishment. I believe it was done when I was a child of two or three years old; but I have no positive recollection of it, though I have a vague remembrance of wearing a sticking-plaster bandage across my forehead."

'But it looks like a scar from a cut—from the cut of a knife."

"I must have fallen upon some sharp instrument—the edge of one of the stone steps, perhaps, or a metal scraper."

"My poor Laurence, the blow might have killed you!"

He looked grave.

"Do you know, Bella," he said, "how difficult it is to dissociate the vague recollections of the actual events of our childhood from childish dreams that are scarcely more vague? Sometimes I have a strange fancy that I can remember getting this cut, and that it was caused by a knife thrown at me by another child."

"Another child! what child?"

"A boy of my own age and size."

"Was he your playfellow?"

"I can't tell; I can remember nothing but the circumstance of his throwing the knife at me, and the sensation of the hot blood streaming into my eyes and blinding me."

"Can you remember where it occurred?"

"Yes; in the gallery up stairs."

We lunched at two. After luncheon, Laurence went to his own room to write some letters; Lady Adela and my aunt read and worked in the drawing-room, while I sat at the piano, rambling through some sonatas of Beethoven.

We were occupied in this manner when Lucy came into the room, dressed for walking. "I have ordered the carriage, mamma," she said. "I am going over to York to see that Beck has everything prepared. I shall be back to dinner."

Lady Adela seemed to grow more helpless every day; every day to rely more and more on her step-daughter.

"You are sure to do all for the best, Lucy," she said. "Take plenty of wraps, for it is bitterly cold."

"Shall I go with you, Lucy?" I asked.

"You! Oh, on no account, dear Isabel.—What would Laurence say to me if I carried you off for a whole afternoon?"

She hurried from the room, and in two minutes the lumbering close carriage drove away from the portico. My motive in asking to accompany her was a selfish one. I thought it possible she might resume the morning's interrupted conversation during our drive.

If I had but gone with her!

It is so difficult to reconcile oneself to the irrevocable decrees of Providence; it is so difficult to bow the head in meek submission to the awful fiat; so difficult not to look back to the careless hours which preceded the falling of the blow, and calculate how it might have been averted.

The black February twilight was closing in. My aunt and Lady Adela had fallen asleep by the fire. I stole softly out of the room to fetch a book which I had left up stairs. There was more light in the hall and on the staircase than in the drawing-room; but the long gallery was growing dark, the dusky shadows gathering about the faded portraits of my lover's ancestry. I stopped at the top of the staircase, and looked for a moment towards the billiard-room. The door was open, and I could see a light streaming from Laurence's little study. I went to my own room, contrived to find the book I wanted, and returned to the gallery. As I left my room, I saw that the green-baize door at the extreme end of the gallery was wide open.

An irresistible curiosity attracted me towards those mysterious apartments. As I drew nearer to the staircase, I could plainly perceive the figure of a man standing at the half glass door within. The light of a fire shining in the room behind him threw the outline of his head and figure into sharp relief. There was no possibility of mistaking that well known form—the broad shoulders, the massive head, and clusters of curling hair. It was Laurence Wendale looking through the glass door of the invalid's apartments. He had penetrated those forbidden chambers, then. I thought immediately of the mystery connected with the invalid, and of Lucy's anxiety that it should be kept from her brother, and I hurried forward towards the baize door. As I advanced he saw me, and I rattled impatiently at the lock of the inner door. It was locked; but the key was on the outside. He did not speak, but rattled the lock incessantly, signifying by a gesture of his head that I was to open the door. I turned the key, the door opened outwards, and I was nearly knocked down by the force with which he flung it back and dashed past me.

"Laurence!" I said, "Laurence! what have you been doing here, and who locked you in?"

He did not answer me, but strode along the gallery, looking at each of the doors till he came to the only open one, that of the billiard-room, which he entered.

I was wounded by his rude manner; but I scarcely thought of that, for I was on the threshold of the apartments occupied by the mysterious invalid, and I could not resist one hurried peep into the room behind the half glass door.

It was a roomy apartment, very plainly furnished; a large fire burned in the grate, which was closely guarded by a very high brass fender, the highest I had ever seen. There was an easy-chair close to this fender, and on the floor beside it a heap of old childish books, with glaring colored prints, some of them torn to shreds. On the mantlepiece there was a painted wooden figure held together by strings, such as children play with. Exactly opposite to where I stood there was another door, which was half open, and through which I saw a bed room, furnished with two iron bedsteads, placed side by side. There were no hangings either to these bedsteads or to the windows in the sitting-room; and the latter were protected by iron bars. A horrible fear came over me. Mr. Thomas was perhaps a madman. The seclusion, the locked doors, the guarded fireplace and windows, the dreary curtainless beds, the watchfulness of Lucy, James Beck, and the nurse—all pointed to this conclusion.

Tenantless as the rooms looked, the maniac might be lurking in the shadow. I turned to hurry back to the gallery, and found myself face to face with Mrs. Peters, the nurse, with a small tea tray in her hands.

"My word, miss," she said, "how you did startle me, to be sure! What are you doing here? and why have you unlocked this door?"

"To let out Mr. Laurence."

"Mr. Laurence!" she exclaimed, in a terrified voice.

"Yes; he was inside this door. Some one had locked him in, I suppose; and he told me to open it for him."

"Oh, miss, what have you done! what have you done! To-day, above all things, when we've had such an awful time with him! What have you done!"

What had I done? I thought the woman must be mad herself by the agitation of her manner.

Oh, merciful Heaven, the laugh!—the harsh, mocking, exulting, idiotic laugh! This time it rang in loud and discordant peals to the very rafters of the old house.

"Oh, for pity's sake," I cried, clinging to the nurse, "what is it, what is it?"

She threw me off, and, rushing to the balustrades at the head of the staircase, called loudly,

"Andrew, Henry! bring lights."

They came, the two men-servants—old men, who had served in that house for thirty or forty years—they came with candles, and followed the nurse to the billiard-room.

The door of communication between that and Laurence Wendale's study was wide open, and on the threshold, with the light shining upon him from within the room, stood the double of my lover; the living, breathing image of my Laurence, the creature I had seen at the half-glass door, and had mistaken for Laurence himself. His face was distorted by a ghastly grin, and he was uttering some strange unintelligible sounds as we approached him—guttural and unearthly murmurs horrible to hear. Even in that moment of bewilderment and terror I could see that the cambric about his right wrist was splashed with blood.

The nurse looked at him severely; he slank away like a frightened child, and crept into a corner of the billiard-room, where he stood grinning and mouthing at the blood stains upon his wrist.

We rushed into the little study. Oh, horror of horrors! the writing-table was overturned; ink, papers, pens, all scattered and trampled on the floor; and in the midst of the confusion lay Laurence Wendale, the blood slowly ebbing away, with a dull gurgling sound, from a hideous gash in his throat.

A pen-knife, with which he had been, it is imagined, mending pens when disturbed by his horrible visitor, lay amongst the trampled papers, crimsoned to the hilt.

Laurence Wendale had been murdered by his idiot twin-brother.

* * * * * *

There was an inquest. I can recall it at any hour, or at any moment, the whole agony of the scene. The dreary room, adjoining that in which the body lay; the dull February sky; the monotonous voice of the coroner, and the medical men; and myself, or some wretched, shuddering, white-lipped creature that I could scarcely believe to be myself, giving evidence. Lady Adela was reproved for having kept her idiot son at Fernwood without the knowledge of the murdered man; but every effort was made to hush up the terrible story. Thomas Wendale was tried at York, and transferred to the county lunatic asylum, there to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure. His unhappy brother was quietly buried in the Wendale vault, the chief mausolem in a damp moss-grown church close to the gates of Fernwood.

It is upwards of ten years since all this happened; but the horror of that February twilight is as fresh in my mind to-day as it was when I lay stricken—not senseless, but stupefied with anguish—on a sofa in the drawing-room at Fernwood, listening to the wailing of the wretched mother and sister.

The misery of that time changed me at once from a young woman to an old one; not by any sudden blanching of my dark hair, but by the blotting out of every girlish feeling in the dull monotony of resignation. This change in my own nature has drawn Lucy Wendale and I together with a link far stronger than any common sisterhood. Lady Adela died two years after the murder of her son. The Fernwood property (forfeited by the idiot's crime, but afterwards restored by the clemency of the crown) has passed into the hands of the heir-at-law.

Lucy lives with me at the Isle of Wight.—She is my protectress, my elder sister, without whom I should be lost, for I am but a poor, helpless creature.

It was months after the quiet funeral in Fernwood Church before Lucy spoke to me of the wretched being who had been the author of so much misery.

"The idiocy of my unhappy brother," she said, "was caused by a fall from his nurse's arms, which resulted in a fatal injury to the brain. The two children were infants at the

Captain Muller's Battery Company, of the 77th Pennsylvania Regiment, now in Kentucky, Making Fascines and Gabions for Breastworks.

Fascines have long been employed in temporary defences, the word being derived from *fascis*, the Latin word for bundles. In fortification, fascines stand for a fagot, a bundle of rods or small sticks of wood, bound at both ends and in the middle, used in raising batteries, in filling ditches, and making parapets. Sometimes they are dipped in melted pitch or tar, and made use of to set fire to the enemy's works or lodgements. A gabion, in fortification, is a hollow cylinder of wicker-work, resembling a basket, but having no bottom. This is filled with earth, and so serves to shelter the men from an enemy's fire. The artist of "Frank Leslie," from which periodical we engrave the above, thus writes: "During the preparatory work of concentrating and organizing the army in Kentucky, opportunities are afforded for perfecting the men in a knowledge of the practical part of war, and erecting fortifications. Capt. Muller, in command of the battery attached to Col. Stambaugh's 77th Pennsylvania regiment, is an accomplished officer, having served with much distinction in the Prussian army. The scene I have sketched represents the men cutting down the oak saplings, using the trunk, branches and twigs in fastening the gabions, the pointed stakes of which are ranged in a continuous line, forming a complete breastwork."

time of the accident, and so much alike that we could only distinguish Laurence from Thomas by the different color of the ribbons with which the nurse tied the sleeves of the children's little white frocks. My poor father suffered bitterly from his son's affliction; sometimes cherishing hope even in the face of the verdict which medical science pronounced upon the poor child's case, sometimes succumbing to utter despair. It was the intense misery which he himself endured that made him resolve on the course which ultimately led to so fatal a catastrophe. He determined on concealing Thomas's affliction from his twin brother. At a very early age the idiot child was removed to the apartments in which he lived until the day of his brother's murder. James Beck and the nurse, both experienced in the treatment of mental affliction, were engaged to attend him; and, indeed, the strictest precaution seemed necessary, as, on the only occasion of the two children meeting, Thomas evinced a determined animosity to his brother, and inflicted a blow with a knife, the traces of which Laurence carried to his grave. The doctors attributed this violent hatred to some morbid feeling respecting the likeness between the two boys.—Thomas flew at his brother as some wild animal springs upon its reflection in a glass. With me, in his most violent moments, he was comparatively tractable; but the strictest surveillance was always necessary, and the fatal deed which the wretched, but irresponsible, creature at last committed might never have been done but for the imprudent absence of James Beck and myself."

STORY OF A REFUGEE.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Times.

FRANKFORT, Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1861.—Mr. Nelson R. A Biddell, a merchant of Philadelphia, who married his wife in Savannah, Georgia, and who left there on the 2d inst., has just arrived here by way of Nashville, Bowling Green, and Louisville.

Mr. Biddell had great difficulty in getting out of Savannah, having labored faithfully, but in vain, to do so for several months.

Mr. Biddell describes the alarm and panic at Savannah, after the Federal attack on Port Royal, as most extraordinary. Fear seized every one, and all the citizens fled from the place. The city has no protection or defences whatever, all the guns, ammunition and cannon having been sent to Virginia. There were no soldiers there but one regiment, which was encamped near the town, temporarily, on its way to Virginia.

During the residence of my informant in Savannah, there were two or three drafts for soldiers, and he was compelled to furnish two substitutes for the Rebel army, one of whom, an ex lumber merchant of Maine, was the most violent Secessionist in the place.

The South, he believes, has all the force in the field that it can possibly raise, having made the most determined and persistent efforts to furnish men and money for the cause. The people have been most severely taxed, and those at all suspected of Union sentiments or proclivities have been forced to contribute enormous sums. Many of the merchants and professional men have been impoverished by the exactions of the "Confederacy."

The strongest and boldest Union man is Hon. John E. Ward, formerly our Minister to China, and he is dreadfully persecuted by the Rebels, who have arrested him at least twenty times while attempting to escape, and robbed him of his entire property, some $400,000, and threatened several times to hang him.

Mr. Ward says they can kill him if they like, but that he will never surrender his allegiance to the Federal Government, or cease to detest and denounce the miserable abortion known as the Southern Confederacy.—He is very anxious to go North, but is so closely watched that he cannot escape. Mr. Biddell thinks that it is not at all improbable that Mr. Ward will be assassinated in Savannah, unless he succeeds in getting out of the State.

The greatest excitement, Mr. Biddell says, reigned throughout the South on the subject of war, and the women of Savannah daily practiced with firearms, to perfect themselves in their use.

He thinks that even in Savannah the presence of the Federal army would be hailed with joy by a majority of the people.

Savannah, like all the southern towns through which Mr. Biddell passed, is entirely barren of business, and complaints are rife of the stagnation of trade and the scarcity of money.

Mr. Biddell had the greatest difficulty in obtaining $500 in gold, although his brother-in-law had $90,000 of Georgia currency in the Planters' Bank, and when he did procure com, was compelled to pay 50 cents premium for it.

Nashville has no defences, and the people there have, or pretend to have, no fear of any attack from the Federal forces, as they say they never can pass Bowling Green.

The State House at Nashville was protected by six 64-pounders, but those were to be sent to Bowling Green in a few days.

Mr. Biddell was at Bowling Green several days, and has had a long interview with Gen. Buckner, who, he thinks, has some sixty-five or seventy thousand men under his command, and was expecting Gen. Floyd from Virginia, with six or seven thousand, and Gen. Walter T. Herbert—a brother of the California Congressman who killed the Irish waiter at Washington—from Louisiana, with about the same number.

Gen. Buckner is very strongly defended, having an admirable position and three lines of fortifications, which cannot be taken save by a desperate fight, and with great loss of blood. If the Rebels are driven from one position they can take another, and for a long time make a most formidable resistance. Mr. Biddell thinks the prospect of success against Bowling Green is very small; but that the flanking of Buckner on the right and left would insure his defeat.

Gen. Buckner is very secure in his position, and confident of his ability to drive back any force that may attack him.

Mr. Biddell opines that Gen. Buell's force is about one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and that he will not make an attack on the Rebels unless he has very good reason to hope for complete success.

Ben. McCulloch made a speech at Savannah on the evening of the 12th instant, and told the people that the South had won all the battles thus far, and would continue to be victorious until their independence was recognized.

Mr. Biddell says that the most astounding falsehoods are daily circulated and believed throughout the South, and that he himself had no doubt, at one time, that Lincoln had been hanged. Such stories as the taking of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, are very common, and the Savannah newspapers publish accounts of false victories won by the Rebels, five or six times every week.

THE NEGROES AT PORT ROYAL:

Their "Love" of Slavery, Their Food, Clothes, &c.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following interesting account of the negroes at Port Royal:—

The entire coast from Warsaw Sound, forty miles below Port Royal, at least to North Edisto Inlet, forty miles above the same place, is deserted by its white inhabitants; the slaves are everywhere practically free; the batteries, which are erected at every point where ingress could be had by an invading force, were undoubtedly all abandoned within a week after the fight at Hilton Head, and the guns removed. This state of affairs exists inwards for a distance, at the least, of ten miles, and in many places of thirty. Half the cotton houses in this region must have been burned, in a majority of instances by troops, not by their owners. The only places where firing of any importance has occurred against our forces are the Ossabow Sound, and about seven miles up Warsaw river. At these two places batteries have still been retained. These are both in Georgia, but, unless on Stone Inlet, there is no place on the coast of South Carolina below Charleston where the rebel flag yet flaunts. At no place in South Carolina have the rebels showed fight since their defeat on the 7th of November. Beaufort was at once abandoned, and our reconnoitering parties have nowhere encountered an enemy. Bluffton has been approached by the Mayflower, an unarmed ferry-boat, and no gun fired; pickets of the enemy have been driven in, have been captured, but never, except in one solitary instance on Port Royal Island, fired a musket. A large reconnoissance made last week in gun-boats went within fifteen miles in a direct line from Charleston, landed at a town called Rockville, where 500 rebel troops had been posted, but these scampered before the landing was complete, and left their tents, camp equipage, important letters and papers in the hands of our troops, not firing a gun, although their numbers must at least have quadrupled those who were sent ashore; so the original panic seems not at all to have subsided—(an inference) The slaves have, in various instances, assisted in the capture of their masters, have also several times of late asked to be armed, which was not originally the case. Colonies of them have been established, not only at Hilton Head, but on Otter Island, in St. Helena Sound, and at the mouth of Edisto Inlet. At both these places they are protected either by gunboats or by the guns of the batteries put up by the rebels, but now occupied by the Union forces. Schooners belonging to the rebels have been chased in these inland waters, and captured or burned. The universal story of the negroes is that the poor whites are unwilling to fight, and certainly there seems an unwillingness somewhere. If ever South Carolina desperation is to be manifested, one would think it would be now; they talk in their newspapers and in the private letters I have seen of hoisting the black flag; of neither giving nor asking quarter; but we have taken a number of prisoners, who seemed not averse to submitting to the fate of prisoners of war. They have allowed small parties to venture near them under unfavorable circumstances, without ever making an attempt to cut them off; they have allowed single gunboats to get aground six or seven miles in from the coast, and to lie in this comparatively solitary and defenceless condition all night, and indeed for twenty-four hours, without molesting them; they have not stood when their pickets were approached by small parties on water and in exposed situations. All this may be part of a concerted plan, to induce a feeling of security in the Yankees, but the facts are exactly as I state. *Not a solitary instance of pluck has been manifested by South Carolinians since their defeat.* They shoot their unarmed negroes, and burn their own cotton houses, but no other example of desperation has yet been afforded.

There are now in Beaufort district alone, I am informed by official personages, no less than 16,000 slaves, whose masters have fled, and Beaufort district is but a small portion of the country at present in our hands. I have accompanied a number of the reconnoissances made in all directions from this post, both by sea and land; have witnessed the exploration of the country from Tybee Island on the south to North Edisto on the north, an extent of at least sixty miles, and have penetrated as far into the interior, on some of these excursions, as our troops have yet gone. Everywhere I find the same state of things existing; everywhere the blacks hurry in droves to our lines; they crowd in small boats around our ships; they swarm upon our decks; they hurry to our officers, from the cotton-houses of their masters, in an hour or two after our guns are fired. I am writing now not what I have heard, but what I have seen. I am not sending you opinions, or conclusions at which I have arrived, but facts that I have observed. I mean each statement I make to be taken literally; it is not garnished for rhetorical effect, but put into such form as will most exactly convey to the mind of the reader the impression made on me. I have seen negroes who reported themselves as just escaped from their masters, who came breathless to our forces, and said they dared not go back, for their masters would kill them; who told that their masters were at that time armed and threatening to shoot any slave that did not fly with them; who declared that they had tricked their owners and came away in boats that they were bidden to take back to the whites. I have talked with drivers and field hands, with house maids and coachmen and body servants, who were apparently as eager to escape as any. I have heard the blacks point out how their masters might be caught, where they were hidden, what were their forces. I have seen them used as guides and pilots. I have been along while they pointed out in what houses stores of arms and ammunition were kept, and where bodies of troops were stationed. In a few hours I have known this information verified. I have asked them about the sentiment of the slave population, and been invariably answered that everywhere it is the same.

I have invariably been told by the negroes that they were not well fed. The first reason a black man or woman or child assigns for deserting his owner is the small quantity and poor quality of food given him; the next reason is the same story about clothing; then comes the complaint of hard usage, hard work, and occasionally of cruelty. The last is rare, in my experience. The most of them speak, it is true, of instances where negroes have been recently shot, but few allude to previous hardships worse than whipping. Of late the accusations of masters shooting their slaves are more frequent, indicating (this is inference) that the desperation of the rebels increases.

General Stevens is pursuing a very good plan with the negroes who come to him for protection. He makes them all work, which they do cheerfully and readily, upon the promise of receiving wages. Instead of allowing them soldiers' rations, as is done at Hilton Head, he gives them bacon and corn—just such fare as that to which they have been accustomed, although in larger quantities. They appear to be well satisfied with the arrangement, which has the advantage of being much more economical.

Cotton is being rapidly secured, perhaps not in such large quantities as might be desired, as the burning of the baled material has been very extensive; but still the worth of millions of dollars will be obtained. The blacks are beginning to discover that we wish to secure it, and apprise us beforehand, in some instances, when a destruction is about to be attempted.

One singular result of the war is thus far apparent. The negroes leave no doubt in the mind of any sensible person that they have recently received but inferior and insufficient food and clothing; as it must have been to the interest of the masters to provide well for their slaves, and as many, if not all, of the masters have been persons of ordinary humanity, I do not doubt that heretofore his has been the case. The sufferings and want of the slaveholders have probably aggravated the condition of the slaves, and made these readier to desert their former owners. The absurd attempts of Southern papers to pretend that the blacks are still loyal, can only excite a compassionate smile. The poor wretches cling to this hope, the absence of which would present to them so appalling a future.

The slaves not yet escaped, of course, pretend to be faithful, but some have told me how they said to their masters and mistresses on the day of the fight, "The Yankees will be whipped, Massa and Missus," but all the while they prayed and believed otherwise. So, casual allusions are made in the Charleston papers to the fidelity of their "servants," as if it were a matter of course, but there is no labored discussion of a subject too terrible for discussion. As for my own judgment—it may not be worth much—but I came hither prepared to find all the negroes attached to their masters, and I have gradually observed a feeling of bitterness displayed by the blacks; at first there was only elation at their own escape; of late this has been mingled with indignation at the insane attempt of the masters to fire on them; I have known of several instances where slaves asked for arms to fire on their own masters (this was the case with Col. Whitmarsh Seabrook's live stock near Edisto); I have known where slaves assisted in the capture of their masters; I have sometimes asked myself whether the time might not come when arming the blacks and regularly drilling them as soldiers, under white officers, might not prove the only means to averting the odious horrors of a servile insurrection. That time appears to me not to have yet come even here; but it may be nearer than any of us suppose.

* * * * * In speaking to Israel yesterday, I am afraid I made him uncomfortable for the rest of the day. Said I:

"Do you like stopping here better than on the plantation?"

"Oh! yes, sir," he said promptly.

"What will you do when the soldiers leave here?"

At this question, the look of surprise which passed over Israel's face was irresistibly droll. He finally replied:

"I'd go wi' 'em!"

"But suppose they won't let you?" I said.

"Den I jump into de boat!"

"Ah!" I answered, "they might put you out again!"

It was evident that no such contingency had presented itself to his mind before. He simply ejaculated, with great emphasis, as if overwhelmed with astonishment and fear at the bare idea:

"Christ A'mighty!"

I asked him what he was afraid of, and he replied, if "Massa Elliott Garrard catch me—might as well be dead—he kill me, certain." I reassured him of his safety before we parted.

The correspondent of the New York *Express*, a pro-slavery paper, bears the same testimony. He says, in speaking of the burning of his cotton houses by Mr. Hugh Wilson and the escape to our soldiers of a portion of his slaves:—

They asserted that they had long been expecting and praying for our coming, and they had determined whenever we should arrive to make their way instantly to us. Capt. Ammen offered them permission to return, but though they said they had left their wives and children, "Massa would kill if we go back," and they preferred to remain. When asked why they left their master, they replied—*as at least a thousand negroes have said within my hearing within the last six weeks—that they were badly treated, got only a peck of corn a week, and no other food, no bacon, no salt, had shoes only every other year, had had no clothes given them for a long time, but had been worked hard. The negroes indeed of this whole region persist in saying that they have been miserably fed and clad, not an exception to this has fallen beneath my notice.* These of Mr. Wilson's say that they had been obliged to boil down sea-water for salt, and many others had told me this story; they also said, however, that the only salt on the planters' tables was procured in the same way; they had seen no gold nor silver in a long while; they had scraps of Confederate paper money with them. They gave us the first information we had received of the great fire at Charleston, and the next day all that they told us in this matter was confirmed by the papers found at Rockville. These blacks were examined separately and told the same tale, which I could see no reason to disbelieve. Within an hour or two of their arrival, the other three who had been set to watching Massa's children also came aboard, and they had left the children in the carriage-house. The meeting between those who first arrived and this second party was full of warmth and cordiality. The late comers were more intelligent than their predecessors, but reasserted the same story. I have been particular in giving these details, because *I have seen it stated in a number of Southern papers that the slaves are still faithful to their masters*, and in Northern journals that the reports about the fugitives are exaggerated. But *everything I have seen or heard confirms me in the opinion that the whole slave population of South Carolina will desert its masters at the earliest opportunity.* Two of these negroes declared that they had come from Charleston within two days, and *that the blacks there waited anxiously for us, and would instantly join us, if we approached.* They were all given the rations of common sailors, and *declared they had never fared so well before.* Their actions corroborated their words. They manifested the greatest eagerness to inform us of the whereabouts of rebel troops; told of pickets and small parties stationed at different houses along the river, and especially that there were 400 or 500 "in tents" near Rockville.

LATER FROM PORT ROYAL.—The transport Ariel brings news from Hilton Head to the 28th:—

COTTON AND THE NEGROES.—It is estimated that at least $2,000,000 worth of cotton has been secured and taken care of already, and the negroes are every day busily employed in picking, baling and shipping more. On the different islands where cotton abounds, they are set to work in gangs of ten, twenty-five, fifty or a hundred, collecting the cotton in baskets or bags, which they carry in one hand, or slung from the shoulders. They empty the cotton into other receptacles, where it is weighed, and each picker is credited at the rate of one cent per pound for his work. Thus the account is kept with the negroes. The cotton from each plantation is marked with the initials of the owner of the estate, and the fact noted in the account; so that, if it can ever be shown that the property belonged to a loyal man, the exact amount of damage can be ascertained. Perhaps the idea of loyalty may cause the reader to smile incredulously, but it will be conceded at any rate that the precaution taken is a prudent one, and generous, if more than just. The negroes manifest the greatest interest in collecting all the cotton they can find. However dull of understanding many of them may be, every one can see the pecuniary reason for getting cotton for the "Yankees." Many times they have led small parties to distant plantations, secured boat loads of the article, and returned in triumph, demonstrating their exultation by extravagant gestures, songs, shouts of hi, yi, and rapid successive elevations of heels. Let me say here that we have almost always found the negroes truthful in the statements they have made to us, and consequently we have sometimes relied on their guidance in making quite extended explorations of the country.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PORT ROYAL.—The negroes continue to come down in great numbers. Many of them are very well dressed, having supplied themselves with their masters' best clothes. One negro remarked to an officer of the Empire City that his master was in such haste to run away from Beaufort, that he took off his coat and threw it upon the ground. It soon after adorned the shoulders of his sable servant, who was standing by and witnessed the transaction.

TONE OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

By the arrival of the Asia at New York, we have dates from England to the 21st December.

The London Post's Paris correspondent says:—

"Neither the French nor Russian governments have taken any steps to act as mediators between England and America. Although some journals have stated quite the contrary, France accords her moral support to England as far as the maritime question is concerned. Russia appears to sympathize with the views and interests of the north."

The Paris *Patrie* of the 20th states that on the 7th inst. five French ships of war were at anchor in the roadstead of New York, and that other French vessels of war would shortly be sent there.

The London correspondent of the *Patrie* says:—

"If the answer to the English note should not be favorable, Lord Lyons will leave Washington in three days, and will transmit the orders of his government to Admiral Milne, who will, in that case, immediately leave Jamaica with his squadron to take up a position at Norfolk, a Virginian port on the confines of Carolina, which will be the basis of the English naval operations."

TONE OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—The party in favor of mediation and arbitration, and opposed to a war with America, is evidently growing in strength daily. The Star recites the temperate language of Mr. Lincoln, and points out that the government has not adopted the act of Capt. Wilkes. In relation to the publication of Mr. Seward's dispatches, the Star declares that the people of England have been kept in entire ignorance of the movements of their government towards ours.

"During nearly half of this period—and that the most critical—not a single dispatch was laid before Parliament; not so much as a sentence was published by authority of the British government; no one detailed statement was made for the purpose of casting light upon the exact relations of the two Powers. We know only that Great Britain and France had agreed to recognize the belligerent rights of the southern confederacy. We did not know that that agreement was come to without consultation with Mr. Dallas and before the arrival of Mr. Adams. *We did not so much as suspect that it was the practical response of France and England to an offer from the Federal government to accept the proposal of the Paris Congress with respect to privateering.* Of these two most important facts we were kept in total ignorance, until the information oozed out from the intercourse of American with English citizens; and they are now authoritatively made public, for the first time, through the communications of the United States government to Congress.

The *Times* opposes all arbitration.

THE ALLIED EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—Late advices report the arrival of the combined English, French and Spanish fleets at Vera Cruz, and the occupation of that city and the strong castle of San Juan d'Ulloa by the Spaniards. The Mexicans made no resistance, but after a brief respite retired from the place. The proclamation of the commanding general declares the purpose of the expedition to be to demand satisfaction for violation of treaty stipulations, and proper guaranties against future outrages. After receiving "indemnity for the past and security for the future," the forces will withdraw, with the hope that they have merited the affection of the Mexican people.

It is also announced that Santa Anna and Miramon are going to the city of Mexico. Whether the visit of these distinguished Mexicans, whose fortunes have been so changing and eventful, has anything to do with a change in the administration of the government will soon be determined. It will not be long until we are fully apprised of the actual intentions of the combined Powers. The Spanish flag now waves over Vera Cruz, and it will not be surprising if an attempt should be made to reduce Mexico to the condition of a Spanish dependency.

FEELING OF COMMERCIAL MEN IN ENGLAND.—The recent private letters from London and Liverpool banking houses are mostly of such a character as to warrant the belief that, as soon as the news is received of the Mason and Slidell surrender, the bitter feeling towards America will be succeeded by a stronger desire than has yet existed in England to show no more favor to the rebels than they are in common fairness entitled to. The English people will be ashamed of the great noise they have been making for nothing, while the very magnanimity of the American Government in conceding the British demands, will take away all such additional pretexts for quarrel as the blockade of the rebel ports by the stone fleet. The writers, of course, took it for granted that Earl Russell's demand for the rebel Commissioners would be, as it has been, responded to in the affirmative. These letters are from eminent authorities, and I mention the substance of them to correct the notion which appears to be entertained in various quarters that England is bent on a quarrel with us anyhow.

☞ LIQUID FIRE.—The latest engine of war experimented with for the benefit of the rebels is *liquid fire.* An apparatus at Washington throws a stream of inextinguishable fire fifty yards, burning all before it. It even burns on water.

☞ We are getting well through with the shortest days, and good riddance to them.—There are now only about nine hours between sunrise and sunset. On Sunday the sun commenced to set one minute later, and will continue to set later through the month, but as he also rises a few minutes later the days will not begin to lengthen much for a week or two to come.

THE WINTER FASHIONS.

[From Le Follet—the Paris paper of Fashion.]

Two distinctly opposite styles will, it is said, meet with equal success this winter. The skirts of dresses will be worn either ornamented to excess, or—for there is no medium—thoroughly simple and void of all ornament. We can hardly realize this extreme of simplicity, especially as we find our elegantes wearing flounces, soutaches, and passementeries of all kinds. It is true that for an indoor dress a variety of ornament is unnecessary, and even inconvenient. For "robes de ville," of course, the case is quite different. One thing is certain, a handsomely trimmed dress will always have a richer appearance than one less so, let the material be what it may. The only difficulty is to choose from the mass offered for our selection; comprising small gauffered flounces, rushes, braidings, passementeries of all kinds, buttons surrounded with lace or fur, colored pipings, tassels, pompons of frayed silk, medallions of velvet or silk embroidered in satin stitch, lace flounces or insertions, very narrow gauffered frills, bands of velvet or silks *a disposition*, &c. It is impossible to name the thousand and one styles and materials for trimming dresses.

Flounces are never put to the bottom of the skirt, and are placed together, or in rows with spaces between, according to the fancy of the wearer. Many are placed in twos or threes, and each set headed by a rush or band of color. They are seldom put straight round the skirt, but in vandykes or scollops. The flounces are not hemmed; they are either bound or pinked. Many dresses are trimmed *en tunique*, and it is expected that this style, being a becoming one, as it gives height and grace to the figure, will long remain in fashion. The bodies of dresses are made either round or with two points; if the latter, the points in front open. They are closed to the throat, or open *en cœur*, according to the style of the material, or the purpose for which the style was designed.

Alpaca is still a favorite material with the Parisiens, and seems to be gaining ground with the English. It has the advantage of falling in graceful folds, without so much danger in cutting as exists in many other fabrics. Poplins, either English or Irish, are much worn. Taffetas, antiques and moires, still maintain rank. Velvets are generally trimmed with Astracan, either real or imitated, in Thibet wool or frayed silk. It is a very rich and soft trimming. Foulards are much in favor, despite the winter. The most fashionable are those with brown or gray grounds, and colored flowers. A white foulard, with colored patterns, makes a very elegant evening dress, and has the advantage over tarlatane in that it will wash. Soutaches and cords are very much worn. The designs in which they are made are very rich and fantastic. The skirts are worn very full and long behind, but rather shorter in front than formerly.

Colored petticoats are as much in favor for out-of door wear as ever. They are made in wools or droguets, in plain materials, and trimmed with wide bands of velvet or colored merino; in cashmere with designs printed to imitate laces—this latter is hardly good taste. The most elegant and expensive colored petticoats are in black silk, quilted, with white or colored in various patterns, in squares or medallions, &c.

The Zouave vest is not superseded by the Garibaldi, but is no longer accompanied by the waistcoat of latute, or muslin; the season requires warmer materials, such as cashmere in all colors, embroidered in black or white.

The robes de chambre "Louis XV." are in great favor; the front fits to the body, and the back put in large box plaits, which fall from the shoulders; the corsage is opened to the waist, and the skirt is opened from the fastening at the waist; this style of dress, made in velvet and trimmed with Chinchilla or Astracan, has a very rich effect.

Laces of all kinds are much worn, both for dresses, bonnets, trimming, or for articles of out-door apparel. Black lace is much worn in evening dress, and often accompanies white materials. The colors most in vogue, perhaps not those most worn, but at all events the most elegant and fashionable, are gray in all shades, the Havana brown, a peculiar shade of green, and a new shade of velvet of a very blue tinge. This last color is an expensive one, arising from difficulty in the preparation.

Evening dresses have hardly been decided on yet. We have noticed one or two very elegant ones. They are generally made of tarlatane, Chambery gauze and lace; light silks and satins being kept for older persons. Silk underskirts are seldom worn, tarlatane or crape giving a much more elegant effect.

Paletots are much worn; of all these the half fitting basque is considered the most *distingue* and the most *habille*; it just falls into the line of the waist, without being fastened or fitting tightly to it. Shawls made in silk, velvet, or cashmere, lined with quilted silk, or trimmed with fur or lace, are very elegantly worn. Braiding is much worn on all mantles or cloaks, some mantles fitting tightly to the shoulder, from thence falling in large plaits, trimmed either only with a pelerine of lace, or surrounded with broad lace. We noticed a very elegant Arab burnous in black velvet, and trimmed entirely with lace.

Ribbons of shaded velvet will be worn this winter for bonnets. Black spotted with white, or violet with black cross bars, seem the favorites at present. Artificial flowers will be in great request for ball dress this winter; they should be mixed with lace, Alencon, Chantilly, English blond, or gold and silver lace. They are placed either in large detached bouquets, or in long branches on the skirt.

The bonnets made by our principal milliners are no longer raised in a high point.—They are distinguished from common-place bonnets by the fact of their being rather square at the top, and very open at the sides; they are still large, but not so large as they were. The top of the cap is full of flowers or feathers, etc., and the sides, of blond or lace, are very full. The crowns are worn either loose or plain, and the curtains of a moderate depth. Bonnets are generally composed of two different materials—crape and velvet for full-dress bonnet; silk and terry velvet for those of less dress. The most fashionable colors are claret, green, Capuchin—a new gray, the violet before mentioned, and black mixed with white.

A MILD WINTER PREDICTED.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin says it is going to be a mild winter, for Joel Hood, the celebrated auctioneer, who has been all over the Western territories, the Pacific states, and the Sandwich Islands, and who probably knows as much about the peculiarities of wild animals as any gentleman in the West, stakes his reputation upon the prediction that we are to have a mild winter, with prevailing winds from the south for the next six months. He bases his knowledge upon the doings of the muskrats, beavers, and other animals this fall. He also says that it has been reduced to a certainty by scientific and ordinary observations, that whatever winds prevail when the equinoctial line is passed, they will prevail throughout the winter. This fall it was southern winds, and therefore he is certain they will be the prevailing winds throughout the winter.

NEWS ITEMS.

MASON AND SLIDELL.—Boston, Jan. 1.—The steamship Starlight left Fort Warren at 11 o'clock this morning, with the traitors Mason and Slidell and their secretaries, for Provincetown, Mass., where they were transferred to the British war steamer Rinaldo, now lying there. The Rinaldo takes them to Halifax, where they will wait for the Niagara.

GEN. PRICE, with 8,000 rebel troops, has taken up his winter quarters at Springfield, Missouri, turned all the people out of their houses, quartered his soldiers in them, and made preparations for a long stay, the people of Arkansas having refused to allow him to enter that state with any other troops than those regularly enlisted in the Confederate service, of whom he had but 1,500. The country about Springfield was full of deserters from Price, who say that all his army would leave him except the 1,500 rebel regulars mentioned, if they were allowed to do so peaceably.

THE PURCHASE OF FIREARMS.—The total amount expended by the government for the purchase of firearms since the beginning of the rebellion is twenty-two million dollars.

SECRETARIES Seward and Chase have offered their aid to procure cotton seed for cultivation in southern Illinois, and other parts of the West.

THE Kansas land claim between Gen. Lane and Gaines Jenkins, over which they quarrelled and fought, and Jenkins was killed, has at last been decided in favor of Lane, by the Department of the Interior. Gen. Lane gave $1,500 to Mrs. Jenkins on New Year's day.

NO PERSON is living in the town of Belmont, Mo., where a battle was fought some time since, the stench from dead horses preventing people living within two miles of the town.

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN PORTLAND.—Permission has been given in a very courteous manner, to pass the British troops through Maine into Canada. As the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed, and the transports of troops inland from Halifax to Canada, in midwinter, would be expensive, tedious, and hazardous, England will appreciate this courtesy as one of no ordinary importance.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—The expedition of Gen. Burnside will sail from Annapolis in a few days, and will be followed by important results. It is believed that its successful landing will be the signal for a general advance. But a short time ago, Gen. McClellan inquired of Gen. Porter in what time he could move. Being answered in twenty-four hours, he rejoined that he "wished the soldiers not to be deluded into the belief that they were about going into winter quarters, but to hold themselves in readiness, as they would shortly move forward." Since that time it has transpired that orders have been given to move via Occoquan.

As the Burnside expedition will probably ascend the Rappahannock river, a movement forward via Occoquan will compel the evacuation of the rebel batteries on the Potomac, and also give us possession of the terminus of the Richmond railway on Acquia creek, and leave the rebels at Manassas the choice of two evils; to fall back on Richmond, or be completely outflanked and captured by McClellan's strategy.

ASLEEP FOREVER.

How peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small, white hands, that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm—
Sweet thoughts! they make her eyes as sweet.

—*Lowell.*

☞ An English overseer from the interior of South Carolina, who has sought protection from our army at Port Royal, says that a universal panic had seized the white inhabitants, and that the negroes were running riot with their master's property.

☞ COMPLIMENT FOR JOHN BULL.—The Brazilians are a temperate people, and when they see any person drunk in the streets, they remark, "How very like English that is!"

☞ An old Yorkshireman being informed by a betting acquaintance that "his friend the captain" would obligingly hold the stakes, the canny Northerner replied, "Ay, ay, that's all very well, but who's t'hauld t' captain?"

☞ We know a great many persons that are kind to a fault, but a fault is about the only thing that they are kind to.

☞ Of all monarchs, Nature is the most just in the enactment of laws, and the most rigorous in punishing the violation of them.

☞ Some friends of ours in Akron, Ohio, have a little girl, about four years old, and a little boy, about six. They had been cautioned in their morning strife after hen's eggs not to take away the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying—"Mother, mother!—Suzy, she's been and got *the egg the old hen measures by!*"

☞ LIBEL ON DUPONT.—The funniest thing we have seen in the way of a "gross libel," is the ironical accusation made against Commodore Dupont, who, they say, burned quantities of powder at Port Royal to help the business of his brother's powder mills in Delaware.

☞ December was a remarkable month. The first half of it was mild as October, and it had five Sundays and two new moons.

☞ THE INDIAN CHIEFS.—The Indian chiefs now at Washington have been all through our camps and forts along the Potomac, and have seen whole brigades on review. The have also examined the heavy artillery and small firearms, and seem greatly astonished, having been made to believe that we had no army and no weapons. The chief remarked to McClellan—"Big army; big guns. Why no go fight?"

☞ A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied, "Cousins." "How many?" was solicitously queried. "Why, the whole regiment; aren't they Uncle Sam's boys?" laconically replied the lass.

☞ It has been well observed that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.

NEWS ITEMS.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENTS IN THE STATES.—Senator Harlan's bill to establish provisional governments in the rebel states will, if passed, make territories of South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee, with every incident of territorial condition. It will cut up the international state slave trade root and branch, and free all slaves hereafter born, and will devote all the public lands in those states to paying military bounties to the soldiers and sailors who shall be employed in the suppression of the rebellion.

THE STEVENS BATTERY.—The Secretary of the Navy, under a joint resolution of Congress, appointed Commodores Stringham and Inman, Prof. Henry and Capt. Dorny, to examine and report the expediency of completing Stevens's iron battery, now lying at New York. The board have submitted their report, which is unfavorable to its completion. Their report is very voluminous, and the reasons assigned are various.

SCHEME FOR EMPLOYING THE SLAVES OF REBELS.—It is understood that Gen. Lane will, with the approbation of the government, make the experiment of employing slaves of rebels, in his military operations in the west, using them in the transportation and commissary departments mainly. By taking handmills, it is thought that slaves can grind corn enough daily to subsist the army anywhere in Arkansas or Texas.

THE ARMS PURCHASED IN EUROPE.—Col. Schuyler, who purchased arms in Europe for the government, has reported at Washington. The entire purchase of arms abroad amounts to near three hundred thousand stand. The arms ought to be good, as the highest price was paid—averaging, it is said, $16 a gun—making about five millions of dollars' worth.

GEN. PRICE promised his army that it should take its Christmas dinner in St. Louis. This promise was fulfilled, but not exactly in the sense intended. Thirteen hundred of his soldiers were in St. Louis on Christmas day as prisoners of Gen. Pope, but none as victorious rebels.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—A vast concourse was present at the President's levee. The members of the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers, including Lord Lyons and M. Mercier, with their ladies, the officers of the army and navy, headed by Gen. McDowell, and civilians, in great numbers, were present. Gen. McClellan, being still indisposed, did not attend.

A CAREFUL examination of South Carolinians killed at Port Royal will not discover a single Rhett among the list. Of course, they are all dead somewhere, for each individual Rhett (about four gross) swore he would not survive the invasion of his state.

CULTURE OF COTTON IN THE WEST.—The agent appointed, just prior to the war, by Gen. Banks, on behalf of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, to investigate the fitness of that state for the growth of cotton, reports, after extensive travel and careful investigation, that there are in Illinois from eight to ten millions of acres of land which are well adapted to cotton culture, and that could be profitably employed for it.

IT is estimated by the packages received by Adams's Express and through other sources, that at least 5,000 roasted turkeys, with all the *et cetera*, have been sent to the soldiers of the Potomac, during the holidays.

PHILIP ST. GEORGE COCKE, a rebel brigadier-general in the army of the Potomac, committed suicide recently, at his residence in Virginia, by cutting his throat. He was a graduate of West Point.

A FIRE at Nashville, Tenn., has destroyed property valued at a million of dollars, including commissary stores and a portion of the ordnance department. One at New Orleans has blown up a powder mill.

THE rebels are in great apprehension of an attack by Burnside's expedition, on York river and Yorktown, in conjunction with Wool's forces from Fortress Monroe. They have, therefore, erected strong batteries on each side of York river, and are said to have 30,000 men at Yorktown. Gen. Magruder telegraphed to Richmond for permission to burn Yorktown, but was ordered to refrain until he is certain that the place is to be immediately attacked.

TURN OFF THE GAS.—William Whipple, while at the house of a friend in Manchester, blew out the gas light on retiring instead of turning it off, and the escaping gas suffocated him.

JONATHAN CARTER, a former resident of Peachin, Vt., was hung in the yard door of his own home in Arkansas, recently, because he would not join the secession cause. Three sons, the eldest eighteen, and the youngest fourteen, were forced into the rebel ranks, leaving two girls to survive or sink beneath the cruel blow.

CORN FOR FUEL.—It may, a hundred years hence, or less, be an interesting historical fact, that unshelled corn, at seven cents a bushel, was used as fuel in this country, contemporaneously with the great rebellion, because it was cheaper than coal at twenty cents a bushel. This novel use of corn is now witnessed in Logan county, Illinois.

A LETTER from a colonel at Port Royal, intimates that much of the cotton destroyed by the rebels, should have been secured by our army, and that in other important particulars the expedition had fallen far short of the good it might have accomplished.

GEN. SHERMAN, in command at Beaufort, writing to a United States Senator, says, in explanation of his denounced proclamation, that the time has not arrived to invite the South Carolina slaves within our lines. A proclamation to that effect would have brought in 25,000 in three days. Two months hence, he says, such a course may be proper. It is always "two months hence" with some of these gentlemen.

THE celebrated historian Schlosser, says the Ost Deutsche Post, has refused to give anything to the subscriptions which are being made for the construction of a German fleet. "I have not," he said, "studied the history of nations and states for sixty years without learning that a fleet cannot be created by charitable donations."

A NEW CURE.—A singular addition to chiropodic science has been made in the Guthrie Gray Regiment, in service in Western Virginia, where they were for weeks at a time with wet feet. Their feet had been so thoroughly soaked that every corn and bunion in the regiment was killed. We mention this curious fact for the benefit of those troubled in this manner, and hope that every man so afflicted will immediately enlist.

MR. J. M. LUDLOW and Mr. Thos. Hughes are about to unite in the production of a work on the United States, both taking the side of the North. Mr. Ludlow will write "A sketch of the History of the United States from Independence to Secession," and Mr. Hughes, "The Story of Kansas."

MADAME LE VERT, of Mobile, as her many friends in the North will be pleased to learn, is enjoying excellent bodily health. She is, however, sorely pained in mind by the condition of our country, and although by birth, education and residence a southern woman, cannot, and will not, forget her love and allegiance to the United States. Her daughter, Miss Octavia Le Vert, is suffering from inflammation of the eyes, which, however, is not considered dangerous. While these ladies are strongly union in their sentiments, the husband and father, Dr. Le Vert, is a violent secessionist.

BRITISH CONDUCT PREVIOUS TO THE WAR OF 1812.

The persons impressed from our vessels, though mainly seamen of British or Irish nativity, were by no means wholly such. On the contrary, hundreds if not thousands of native Americans were impressed and compelled to work, fight, and die for an alien government. Some of them were compelled, after war broke out, to fight against their own country, and were killed serving British guns against their own countrymen. And Mr. Lewis Tappan, now alive and an unimpeachable witness, relates that, in April, 1811, as he was nearing the American coast in the American merchant ship Hercules, from Liverpool for this port, that vessel was stopped by the British frigate Guerriere, her crew *and passengers* mustered at the order of Capt. Dacres of the Guerriere and two persons selected by his lieutenant therefrom—one an old sailor (we presume of British nativity,) and the other a young Scotchman, who was *no* sailor, but servant of a family named Church, then migrating in the Hercules from Great Britain to Kentucky. Both these were impressed and carried off, in spite of the earnest remonstrances and anxious entreaties of those on board the Hercules. Mr. Tappan on their behalf, went on board the Guerriere to intercede for the young man, and made a personal appeal to Capt. Dacres, who was civil, but inexorable. So the young Scotchman, instead of finding a home in the land of his choice, was compelled to become a sailor and fight for King George on board the Guerriere. And this case is only distinguished from hundreds of others, by the fact that Mr. Tappan, an eye-witness, is alive and in New York to-day.

THE NAVAL WARS WITH ENGLAND.—At the commencement of the struggle of the United Colonies with Great Britain, the former had no ships, but forty-two ships were fitted out during the war, and according to the best authorities the American privateers roamed the seas in every direction, and captured during the war, *eight hundred and three* British vessels, with merchandise valued at more than eleven millions of dollars. Of a fleet of sixty merchantmen which left Ireland for the West Indies, thirty-five were captured by the American cruisers. At the beginning of the war, two hundred ships were employed in the trade between Ireland and the West Indies; at the end of the war, there were only forty engaged in it. In 1812, the United States navy consisted of only *twenty* vessels, besides gun-boats. In these, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Rodgers, Porter, and other gallant seamen, boldly went to sea. Their exploits have been the theme of praise ever since. It is estimated that during the first seven months after the declaration of war, American cruisers captured more than fifty British armed vessels, and two hundred and fifty merchantmen, with an aggregate of more than three thousand prisoners, and a vast amount of booty.

IN OUR OWN WATERS.—Hildreth's History of the United States, (vol. 1, 2nd series, p. 533,) under the year 1795, gives the following account of an attempt made by the British to seize a hostile minister in our waters, for which it does not appear that England ever thought of apologising:—

"Considerable feeling had lately been excited by an attempt to seize Fauchet, the returning French Minister, within the American waters, while on his passage through the Sound in an American packet-boat from New York to Newport, to embark in a French frigate lying there, and which was watched by a British frigate outside the harbor. In consequence of stormy weather, the packet boat put into New London, and Fauchet, on some hint of what was intended, proceeded to Newport by land. The boat was afterwards stopped and many of our papers seized, in consequence of which the British frigate concerned in the outrage was ordered out of the waters of the United States. The British Consul at Newport, believed to have been concerned in the scheme, and who had written a somewhat disrespectful letter in relation to it, was deprived of his exequatur."

BRITISH WAR RIGHTS IN 1815.—When Napoleon, after his downfall, attempted to escape from France to America, the British made efforts to intercept him. As connected with that period, Mr. Flower, ex-Mayor of Hartford, Conn., relates the following occurrences, which took place in 1815, on the vessel under his command:—"In the latter part of August, 1815, on my passage from Martinique, W. I., in the schooner New Orleans, bound to New York, a few leagues from Sandy Hook, a gun was fired from an English frigate, with an order to heave to, which was complied with, when a boat, with two officers, came alongside and boarded us. The officer in command wished to see the vessel's papers, which were produced; and, after asking many questions about passengers, or if we had any, left us to pursue our voyage. The conduct of the officer was civil and gentlemanly. We did not have Napoleon on board. In those days, English cruisers felt they had a perfect right to overhaul neutral vessels, and if anything was found contraband, to take it, or if persons, take them also."

MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—The Western Flotilla, which is preparing to descend the Mississippi, consists of twelve enormously strong gunboats, mounting nearly two hundred of the heaviest guns, and sixty-six mortar and tug boats. These vessels are now at Cairo, receiving their powder and other ammunition. These boats are said to be the strongest ever built, and every protection possible is afforded to the crews which will man them. The mortar boats, thirty-eight in number, are built of heavy timber—the sides of boiler-iron, loopholed for muskets, are so arranged that they can be used as bridges, and will each carry one of the heaviest mortars used in warfare. Small tugboats will be used to tow the mortar boats into position. So confident are some of the naval officers in the strength of the gunboats, that several of them have offered to take the Benton, and lay her under the batteries of Columbus, confident that her immense strength will resist the heaviest metal in the possession of the rebels.

THE MODEL EARL.—The Earl of Shaftesbury, who makes great pretensions to Abolitionism and Evangelical Christianity, is reported, by the Albany Evening Journal, to comment on American affairs as follows:—

"I, in common with almost every English statesman, *sincerely desire the rupture of the American Union*. It has been the policy of England to brook no rivalry, especially in the direction of her own greatness. We justly fear the commercial and political rivalry of the United States. With a population of thirty millions now, they will soon, if not checked, overshadow Great Britain. We cannot look upon such a monstrous growth without apprehension."

That is about what Bulwer Lytton said in his speech.

☞ A young lady studying French, and finding that "belle" meant "fine," told somebody in a letter that we had a great deal of belle weather lately.

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

Advices from Santa Fe to December 14th inform us that the law for the protection of slave property in New Mexico was repealed by an almost unanimous vote in both houses of the territorial legislature. It was passed under the influence of territorial governors and other officials, in order to give a status to slavery in the territory, and induce slaveholders to migrate thither in such numbers as to make it a slave state. It is the slave code of Missouri entire, with all the features which made it so odious and intolerable to the people of Kansas. When it was enacted into a statute for New Mexico the only slaves in the territory were those taken thither by the United States officials, who were evidently appointed with a view to the naturalization of the institution there. They had full swing at this sort of work for eight years, and as the net result there are, all told, exactly nineteen slaves in New Mexico.

There was nothing in the climate or soil to render slavery desirable for rearing tropical products. It was foreign to the habits, instincts and sentiments of the people, who, despite the inducements of a barbarous code of laws, refused to take to it. The repeal was therefore but carrying into effect the public opinion which had made the law a dead letter. We do not doubt that this is the forerunner of a free state organization, and the admission into the Union of New Mexico upon an equality with the rest of the states. She has loyally adhered to the Union, while Texas and Arkansas have rebelled, and notwithstanding the treachery and cowardice of United States army commanders, there is not now a rebel soldier in all the territory. Her people are patriotically raising volunteers for the national defence, and in their quietness and deference to the national authority and officials they set a wholesome example to the rest of the republic.

LETTERS from Port Royal state that Com. Dupont was gathering his gunboats for another naval demonstration, and practising the sailors with the launches in the work of landing troops. About 10,000 troops could be spared to attack Charleston, Savannah, or the rebel force at Coosawatchie. The latter is most likely to be attacked.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is steady. The sales of Flour comprise 14,000 bbls, mostly extra and extra family, at $5,50@5,75 for the former, and $5,75@6 for the latter, as to brand, including a few small lots superfine, which is comparatively scarce, at $5,37½@5,50, 1000 bbls fancy Ohio family at $6,40, and 1000 Diamond Mills do at a price kept private. Rye Flour is dull, with a few small sales only to note at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also but little inquired for, and Pennsylvania Meal is offered at $3 ₱ bbl, without sales. Buckwheat Meal is dull.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been moderate; sales comprise about 40,000 bush at $1,30@1,35 for common to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds in store, including red and white mixed and good Southern red at the latter rate, and white at from $1,38 to $1,43, as in quality. Rye is in better demand, with sales of 5000 bush Pennsylvania at 70@73c, and Southern at 65c. Corn is unchanged, and some 45,000 bush, mostly new Southern yellow, have been disposed of at 55@60c, as to condition, the latter for dry lots afloat, including white at 55@59c; old and new mixed 60@61c, and old yellow in small lots 62@64c. Oats are dull and drooping, and only about 10,000 bush found buyers at 37@38c for Southern, and 38c for Penn'a in store. Barley is arriving and selling in a small way at 75@80c. Of white beans, further sales are reported at $2 ₱ bush.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally continues dull and drooping. Of Mess Pork small sales are making at $11¼@12¼ for new and old. Beef is steady at $10@14 ₱ bbl for Mess, the latter for city packed. Sales of about 3000 bbls Pork and Beef are reported to the government on terms kept private. Bacon moves off slowly at 6@8c for Hams, 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 5½@6c for Sides. Green Meats are but little inquired for and dull at 5@6c for Hams, 5½@6c for Sides, and 3½@4¼c for Shoulders. Lard is arriving more freely and meets with a fair demand, with sales of 1000 pkgs at 8@8½c for tes and bbls, the former for country packed, and 8¾@9¼c for kegs, cash and short time. Butter is dull, Roll selling less freely at 12@15c, and packed at 8@10c, as to quality. Cheese is quiet within the range of 7¾@8¾c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower and worth 17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand continues very small, and only about 300 bales have found buyers, in lots, within the range of 33@37c ₱ lb, cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES.—There is a limited business doing in both kinds at fully former rates.

BARK.—There is very little offering and the market is steady but quiet at previous quotations, with sales of about 80 hhds 1st No 1 at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull.

BEESWAX is scarce, with further small sales at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The shipping season is over, and there is little or nothing doing except to supply the home trade, within the range of previous quotations.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, about 1000 bags have been disposed of, in small lots, at 18½@20½c for Rio, 22c for Jamaica, 23¾(@23½c for Laguayra, 24@25c for Java, and 19c½ for St. Domingo, cash and time.

COPPER is firm, but dull at quotations. Of Yellow Metal the sales are limited at 22c, 6 months.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 37@38c ₱ lb for good Western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT.—Dried Fruit is quiet, and prices of Peaches and Apples about the same. Green Apples sell at $3@4, and Cranberries at $7@10 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy selling at from 65c to 75c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is very little stock in first hands, and no sales have come under our notice. Jute is held for higher prices.

HOPS meet with a limited demand within the range of 15@33c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market is quiet; the sales of Pig Metal are mostly confined to small lots Anthracite at $18, $19, and $20 for the three numbers, chiefly cash.

LEAD.—There is little or no stock here, and holders are firm in their demands at 7c ₱ lb for Galena.

LUMBER is dull; the active season is over, and there is a small business only to note at previous quotations.

MOLASSES.—The market continues inactive, and the sales in a small way only at full prices, including 40 bbls Syrup at 30c.

PLASTER.—There is none arriving or selling, and we quote Soft nominally at $3,25 ₱ ton.

RICE is scarce and firm; holders ask 7@7¾c ₱ lb for Carolina, and 6¾c for East India.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and the market is better, with sales of about 800 bus at $4@4,50, mostly at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus, which establishes an advance. Timothy is quiet, and Flaxseed scarce and wanted at $2,15 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is little or nothing doing in Brandy or Gin, and a firm market for both. NE Rum is steady at 31@32c. Whiskey is better, with large sales of bbls at 20@21c; hhds at 20c, and Drudge at 19½@20c.

SUGAR.—The market is firm, but quiet, and the stock very light, with sales of about 200 hhds in lots, mostly Cuba, at 8¼@8¾c, and 3500 bags Pernambuco at 8½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—The market continues inactive, at 9@9¼c for rendered, the former for Western.

TOBACCO is quiet but firm, and a small business to note in both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL.—There is a good demand for the low and medium grades at fully former rates. Fine Wools are also more inquired for, and holders are firmer in their views.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1422 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cts ₱ lb. 87 Cows brought from $20 to 33 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $4 to 4½ ₱ cwt net. 2500 Hogs sold at from $4½ to 5¾ ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.—The N. Y. Tribune says:—

At the first Cabinet meeting held after the seizure of Slidell and Mason, the President expressed himself in favor of restoring them to the protection of the British flag, if it should be demanded. He said it was doubtful if the course of Captain Wilkes could be justified by international law; and that at all events, he could not afford to have two wars upon his hands at the same time. Attorney-General Bates echoed this opinion.—He thought the seizure unjustifiable, and was in favor of giving up the men upon demand.

Secretary Seward was non-committal. The other members of the Cabinet disagreed with Mr. Lincoln positively, and Secretary Chase argued forcibly and with warmth that the course recommended by the President would be dishonorable to the United States as a nation. Thus matters stood until the first belligerent note from England. No further discussions took place, nor was the question again mooted in Cabinet until Christmas day.

The dispatch of Thouvenel, the French Minister, convinced the opponents of the policy of surrender that the public opinion of Europe would sustain England; and it was used to secure unanimity in that policy.

PREPARING ANOTHER CAUSE OF WAR.—The London Examiner, of December 14th, is preparing for another *casus belli*. It says:—

"Supposing reparation to be made for the Trent outrage, and the prisoners to be restored safe from Lynch law, which seems too natural a sequence to Wilkes law *will it not be for the Powers of Europe to consider whether the measures the North is taking against the South are consistent with the interests of civilization?* Is it to be endured that the United States Government shall eke out the inefficiency of its blockade by the detestable means of vessels laden with stone to be sunk to choke up Southern ports?"

The London Times harps on the same string, and characterizes the design of blockading up the ports by sinking ships as an act of unparalleled barbarity and a crime against all human kind.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD S. BARNER, to Miss DEBBIE B. WORRALL, both of Delaware county.

On the 23d ultimo, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM PANCOAST, of New Jersey, to Miss ANN ELIZA LEEDOM, of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the same, Mr. JOHN F. BENITAGE, to Miss RACHEL CALAHAN, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay Mr. JOEL S. EDDY, of Bristol, Vermont, to Miss ELIZABETH TAYLOR, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, in the Fourth Baptist Church, by the Rev. R. Jeffry, D. D., Mr. THEO. M. REGER, to Miss TILLIE M. JONES, daughter of Henry Jones, Esq. both of this city.

On the 22d of April, 1861, by the Rev. T. Brainerd, D. D., Mr. THOMAS ROBSON, Jr. to Miss JENNIE E. WRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM F. BROOKS, to Miss MARY LOLLER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Capt. FRANK HOGUET, to Miss FRANCES E. CANNON, third daughter of Dr. Cannon, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Mr. WILLIAM WOODCOCK, to Miss SARAH T. HENDERSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, at Millville, N. J., HENRY H. LAWRENCE, in his 71st year.

On Monday, Dec. 30th, Mrs. MARY COBB, in her 67th year.

On Sunday, 29th ultimo, MARY M. wife of Jos. C. Coppuck.

On the evening of the 31st ultimo, LUCRETIA M. HOPPER, daughter of Edward and Anna M. Hopper.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY ELLEN, wife of C. J. Hedenberg, aged 40 years.

On Saturday, Dec. 28th, 1861, MARY LOUISA, wife of Dr. Edmund C. Evans, of Chester county, Pa. and daughter of the late Dr. Benj. Allen, of Hyde Park, New York.

On the 28th ultimo, DANIEL JEFFRAS, in his 32d year.

At Frankford, on the 30th ultimo, JOHN FAIRHURST, in his 60th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. LIZZIE HOLMAN, wife of J. H. Holman, and daughter of Mr. Henry Evans, aged 25 years.

On the 28th ultimo, ISAAC V. CULIN, in his 68th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 4, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	2 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	5 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	30 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	3 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 7½ dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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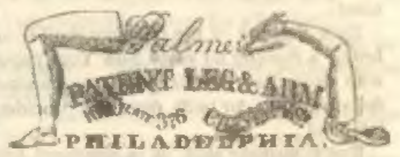

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BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS,
A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

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The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family

Wit and Humor.

A MODEL BODY-GUARD.

Pomeroy, of the Lacrosse (Wis) *Democrat*, on being invited to assist in forming a body-guard for President Lincoln, and, after due considerations, decided to "go in," provided the following basis could be adopted and rigidly adhered to throughout the war:

The company shall be entirely composed of colonels, who shall draw pay and rations in advance.

Every man shall have a commission, two servants, and white kids.

Each man shall be mounted in a covered buggy, drawn by two white stallions.

Under the seat of each buggy shall be a cupboard, containing cold chicken, pounded ice, champagne and cold chicken, *a la* member of Congress and military officers at Bull Run.

Each man shall have plenty of cards and red chips to play poker with.

The only side arms are to be opera-glasses, champagne glasses, and gold-headed canes.

The duty of the company shall be to take observations of battle, and on no account shall it be allowed to approach nearer than ten miles to the seat of war.

Behind each buggy shall be an ambulance, so arranged as to be converted into a first-class boarding-house in the day-time, and a sumptuous sleeping and dressing-room at night.

The regimental band must be composed of pianos and guitars, played by young ladies, who shall never play a quickstep except in case of retreat.

Reveille shall not be sounded till late breakfast time, and not then if any of the regiment has a headache.

In case of a forced march into an enemy's country, two miles a week shall be the maximum, and no marches shall be made except the country abound in game, or if any member of the regiment object.

Kid gloves, gold tooth-picks, cologne, hair-dressing, silk underclothes, cosmetics, and all other rations, to be furnished by the Government.

Each member of the regiment shall be allowed a reporter for some New York paper, who shall draw a salary of two hundred dollars a week, for puffs, from the "incidental" fund.

Every member shall be in command, and when one is promoted, all are to be.

Commissions never to be revoked.

A KENTUCKY GOVERNOR.—Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him.

A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and *spit all over me!*—re-*mark*-ably sociable!"

MRS. PARTINGTON ON PICKETS.—"As for sleeping on a picket," said Mrs. Partington to the three months' volunteer who had dropped in to see her, "I don't see how they can do it without hurting 'em. Sleepin on a post would be a good deal more sensible, unless there's a nail in it which might be prejudicious for the uniform. Every one to his taste, and such things as where a man shall sleep is at his own auction; but nobody can help thinking that either a picket or a post is a very uncomfortable place to sleep on. At anyrate there isn't much room for more than one in a bed, and—" The three-months' man interposed to tell her the nature of pickets and posts, in military parlance, to which she listened very attentively, while Ike was trying experiments in Prestidigitation by essaying to rub the cat and the soldier's little brown dog into one.

PROOF READER'S JOKES.—Once upon a time a short-hand reporter was sent to report a sermon to be delivered by Dr. Cox. The text was that passage which tells the story of the woman breaking a box of spikenard and anointing the Saviour's head. The Doctor, following the marginal reading, read it simply "nard," and so it was written by the reporter, and sent to the printer. The printer, knowing of no such substance as "nard," felt bound to make some sense out of the word, which he thought could be done by the change of a single letter. Imagine the Doctor's feeling when next morning his sermon appeared in print with the text reading thus—"box of ointment of *lard*." He wrote a curious note explanatory and objurgatory; and the careful printer who made the "correction" is derided to this day in the office.

PUNNING.—Tom Moore could make a pun as cleverly as a poem, and was not less a wit than a man of sentiment. In repartee he was not excelled by Rogers himself. Instance—his reply to a beautiful woman who wore on her breast a miniature likeness of her ugly husband, and who asked him "whom he thought it was like?" "I think," said the poet, "it is like the *Saracen's Head on Snow Hill.*"

A MILITARY HORSE TRADE.

The different attempts to swindle the government, of which we hear accounts constantly, recalls the story of the horse which was purchased in Connecticut for the use of a military officer. It runs somewhat after the following fashion:

The worthy Mayor of one of the Connecticut cities had raised a regiment and was Colonel thereof. His friends (and they were many) proposed to buy him a handsome charger. Search for the right kind of a horse was made far and near, but without immediate success. Presently a man arrived from the rural districts with a splendid stallion, which appeared to be the animal that was needed. But the price asked was twelve hundred dollars! The owner was evidently more of a "charger" than the stallion.

"This won't do," said the Committee. "We must talk to this man."

So they talked to him after the manner of men in the land of steady habits. They took him to a good hotel and "had something." By means of punches and persuasions the owner of the stallion "considering that it was for the Mayor," and so on, would come down to a thousand dollars. So far so good.

Then they had dinner, and also "something" more, and then the horse fell down to nine hundred dollars.

After dinner the Committee and horse owner sat down for a serious talk, and talked till early next morning, and about once in two hours the horse fell a hundred dollars, so that when the talk ended and the parties went to bed the price fixed for the twelve hundred dollar charger was three hundred dollars.

In the morning the jockey received his three hundred dollars in a small bag of gold, transferred the horse, and made the following pithy speech:

"Gentlemen, 'sall right! We've had a good time and a good trade. You have paid me three hundred dollars for my hoss, and he's now your hoss—it's all right, gentlemen! I paid only one hundred and fifty dollars for that very hoss last week!"

LISTENERS DO SOMETIMES HEAR GOOD OF THEMSELVES.—For instance—So-and-so entered his stable this morning, unobserved by his men, and was gratified at hearing the following fragment of conversation:—

William—"What a kind and generous gentleman master is, Henry!"

Henry—"When did you find that out?" (*Henry is skeptical.*)

William—"Well, so he is; to give eighty guineas for that there rubbishing, old, broken-winded, chestnut mare—I call that wery generous! And to put a couple of sovereigns into our pockets by doing of it at our recommendation. Don't you call that wery kind of him?"

BULLY FOR SALT.—In one of the towns in the southern part of Virginia, as a regiment of rebel volunteers were about leaving for the seat of war, a neighboring parson, in addressing the rebels on their duties as soldiers, &c., told them that "having put their hand to the plough they must never look back. Remember," said he, "the fate of Lot's wife, who for looking back was turned into a pillar of salt." At this juncture a bold "secesh," who did not exactly *see* the application, and had just been luxuriating on a piece of fresh calf without seasoning, suddenly starting up, threw his cap in the air, and sung out lustily, "Hooray for salt—bully for Lot's wife."

TOO MUCH NOISE.—An Irishman from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on his left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming—"Blasht your soul, you owld woman, shtop crying; you make more noise about it than the man that losht his head."—*Chicago Post.*

CONCISE, IF NOT CORRECT.—An Englishman, who thought he knew everything, as many Englishmen do, was endeavoring to prove that the French language was capable of expressing a great deal more in a few words than the English could in several, and as a convincing example he brought forward the following instance: "You see, if I wanted to state that I had lost my war-horse in battle, all I should have to say would be simply, '*Mon cheval est horse-de-combat.*'"—*Punch.*

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.—In Providence, is a painted sign on the door of a house occupied by a "colored gemman," of which the following is an exact copy, omitting the name:—

DR. ——— ———'s
OFFICE.

Consultation at all hours upon all diseases that human kind is subject to.

Be careful in speaking, as the doctor is not to be trifled with.

IMPORTATION OF EMPHASIS.—A stranger from the country observing one of Carpenter's roller counting-house rules, lifted it, and inquiring the object, was answered, "It is a rule for *counting*-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of fortune, do you *count houses with this?*"

INGENIOUS QUESTION.—"Susan," said a footman to his fellow servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?"

"In honor of the Duke of York's birthday, Mr. Murphy."

"Be easy now," rejoined the man, "none of your *blarney*—sure 'twas the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless they are twins?"

GADDY'S ACADEMY PICTURE ON VIEW.

ART CRITIC.—"You see you've got the Duke seated and the Duchess standing up.—Now couldn't you make the Duchess sitting down and the Duke standing up?"

[But Gaddy fears the Academy will not put off the Exhibition for a couple of months to enable him to take advantage of his friend's valuable suggestion.]

ENGLISH TASTE.—It is not true that the well-educated Englishwoman is wanting in taste. It is so thoroughly the reverse of true, that all the current of fashion has latterly turned from its habitual channel, and Paris has copied London, not London Paris. The hat which threatens to banish the bonnet for a long period of time from all young and handsome heads throughout Europe, the riding or gipsy hat, or any, in short, of the hundred various hats that are now a universal fashion, these are a purely Britannic invention, as is also the coquettish red petticoat, and the looped up gown, and the double-laced Balmoral boot. And where is now the court in the civilized world where these English inventions are not "at home?"

☞ "Where did you get this turkey?" said Col. Billy Wilson to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic answer. "Ah," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

Agricultural.

MODES OF FODDERING STOCK.

Few things more demand the farmer's attention in winter, in an economical view, than the manner of foddering stock. The value of the hay that is annually wasted in the country, from the negligence and want of proper fixtures for fodderiug, is immense. A great portion of this waste results from mangers and racks, in which the fodder is placed, being badly constructed. Cattle which are tied in barns, are commonly fed in mangers, and when due care is used not to put in too much hay at once, there need not be much waste. But it is often the case that the side of the manger next the animals is too narrow—that is, not wide enough or high enough to prevent the fodder from being drawn over, where it is trodden under foot, dirtied, and made fit only for litter. If more than the stock will eat quickly is put in a manger at once, it is liable to be made unpalatable by the animals' breath, so that they afterwards toss it over without eating it. Where fodder is passed through a cutting-machine, these objections are, of course, principally obviated, if due care is exercised as to the quantity fed out at a time.

But the best plan of foddering cattle with long fodder, that we have seen, is a manger and rack combined. The rack is on the side of the manger farthest from the cattle, and stands perpendicularly. It should not be attached to the manger-plank, but a space of six inches should be left between, to admit fresh air to the animals, and to prevent the fodder in the rack from being contaminated by their breath. Boards sloped at a proper angle, fastened at the base of the rack, keep the fodder against it, and at all times within reach of the animals. If the boards are attached with a hinge, they can, by means of a small chain and hook at the top, be set at any desired angle, or closed up wholly out of the way—quite a convenience where mangers are along side the main floorway of the barn.—The mangers need not be as wide as in ordinary cases, their chief use being to catch what little fodder drops from the rack as the animals pull out mouthfuls, and to hold "cut-feed," meal, or roots.

In regard to racks, those most commonly met with are objectionable on several accounts. They generally lean towards the animals, so that when the fodder is pulled out all the loose portions must fall, being aided in this tendency by the slope of the rack, whereas in a perpendicular rack the droppings would be much less. In many instances the droppings are the most valuable part of the fodder, consisting of the leaves and finer parts, and in clover hay of the heads, &c. Besides the waste thus incurred, the animals are obliged to take upon their heads all the straws and dust which drop from the rack, which is always annoying to them, and to horses is often injurious to the eyes, and to sheep is not only troublesome by its effects on the eyes and ears, but also damages the wool by getting into it.

A short time since, in examining a barn which cost upwards of $6,000, and which was generally well planned, we found a rack for sheep merely fastened to the wall at the bottom and leaning inward at the top so as to give room to crowd in a little hay. The sheep, in pulling out the hay, would of course cause much of it to fall; no provision had been made for catching or saving it, and the sheep could not eat without the dust and straws dropping on their heads and necks.

Very cheap and handy sheep-mangers are made of six boards and four pieces of scantling to each. The bottom boards for the sides and ends are nailed on the scantling flush with the ends, and the top-boards are raised so as to leave a space of about seven inches between them and the bottom-boards, which allows the sheep to put in their heads and eat the hay. The boxes or mangers are open at top, where the hay is put in, and they are generally left open at bottom, as they are only used for hay—separate troughs being provided for feeding grain or roots. With bottoms they would answer for grain or roots, the hay and dust being cleaned out before feeding. But the boxes would thus be heavier and not so conveniently moved. They may be of any length, but at ten or twelve feet they are light enough without bottoms to be readily moved from place to place, and they are frequently used as barriers or fences in the barn or feeding-yard to divide the flock into lots as may be desired. About three feet is the usual width. The bottom-boards should be eight or ten inches wide, but the top ones may be less.

Sheep will waste very little in feeding from such boxes, if there is not so much hay put in at a time as to be above the bottom-boards. The orts can be handily taken out with a fork. This should be done before they accumulate to such a degree as to sour or mould, and they will be readily eaten by young horses or young cattle. But a different kind of feeding-box for sheep is latterly more popular. It is not easy to give a good idea of it without a cut. The foundation may be said to be shallow trough nearly three feet wide, made of strong boards. It is raised a foot or so from the ground by being fastened to posts made of scantling, which also extend upwards from the corners of the foundation two feet or more. (As these descriptions are given without actual measurements, and only from recollection of the construction of the articles, precise accuracy as to dimensions is not attempted.) Boards are attached to the posts sloping towards each other at the bottom, leaving the space of a foot, perhaps, between them, and the lower edges should be brought down to within six or eight inches of the foundation or trough. In some instances round sticks, like those of a rack, are fastened in this space. Thus a box is formed wide at top and narrow at bottom, for the hay. The sheep feed at the space between the lower sides of the box and the trough. To divide the hay so that it may be reached equally by the sheep on either side, a ridge is made by fastening two boards to the trough with their lower edges six or eight inches apart and their upper ones brought together, under the opening in the hay-box. As the hay is eaten from the lower part of the box, the upper portion slides down, till it all comes within reach of the sheep. If the hay is of proper quality, very little is wasted by this mode, the trough holding that which is left, from whence it may be taken and fed to other animals. The troughs, cleaned from hay and dust, are used for feeding grain or roots.

Racks, generally wrongly constructed, as we have said, are very common for horses. Perhaps it would be better that none were used for them. Horses which are worked do much better on "cut-feed," that is cut hay or straw with which grain of some kind, ground, is mixed. This is fed in a manger. But even when long hay is fed, the horse prefers having it in such a situation that he can eat it without being obliged to pull it out with his teeth. If it is not convenient to have the manger capacious enough to hold long hay, it would be better to cut it. But the plan of putting the hay into upright boxes or conductors open at the bottom, is preferable to ordinary racks, as horses can get the hay from them without having so much dust get in their eyes and ears, and without waste.

CRACKS IN HORSES' HOOFS.

The following is Dr. Dadd's mode of treatment of this troublesome complaint, consisting essentially in sewing the parts together by means of a strong wax cord:—"The best practice would be, first to poultice the foot (supposing the shoe to have been removed,) with a view of softening the hoof, and removing any extraneous matter that may have insinuated itself into the crack. When the hoof is sufficiently softened, it should be cleansed, examined, and dressed with tincture of myrrh. Select a spot about an inch below the coronet, and with a small gimlet bore a hole through the two edges of the crack, and another one inch above the toe. A straight needle, armed with a strong ligature, is to be passed through the upper hole, brought over and through a second time; thus closing the two edges of the fissure by what the sailors term a "round turn." The same thing is to be repeated at the toe. The assistant, by the aid of the pincers, or otherwise, shuts the crack as close as possible, the ligatures are each drawn tight, and tied with a surgeon's knot. A small quantity of blister ointment is to be smeared over the crack, and barshoe applied. The cure is accomplished in two ways—first, by fusion; secondly, by the growth of new horn from the *matrix* downward. After the edges have firmly united, cut the ligatures, and pare the uneven edges of the *cicatrix* level with the surrounding parts, and the cure is completed.

Useful Receipts.

DANDRUFF.—To cleanse the hair of dandruff, wet it with cold water, and then take some powdered borax in the *hollow* of the hand, and rub well into it. The water, borax, and grease of the hair will combine and make a kind of soap. Then wash the head clean with cold water, and, if the hair is disposed to become too dry and harsh, rub in a little clarified lard—made by melting lard and dropping it into cold water, and perfuming it afterwards slightly with cologne water, or any other desired perfume. Do not use a fine tooth comb. When the hair is short, wash the head with cold water every morning, correcting any dryness that may result by the use of the prepared lard. Brush well, night and morning, with a stiff brush.

A RECEIPT WORTH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—So says the Ohio Cultivator:—Take one pound of sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes, well covered over with water, add one teaspoonful of the washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse through water, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable receipt, and I do want every poor, tired woman to try it. I think with a patent washtub to do the little rubbing, the washer-woman might take the old Bible and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself.

PRIZE CORN BREAD RECEIPTS.—The following are the receipts for making corn bread which won certain prizes recently offered by the editor of the American Agriculturist:—

First prize, of $10, for the *best loaf of Corn Meal Bread.* This was awarded to Mrs. Jane O'Brien, Carrick, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, for a loaf made after the following formula:—

"Take 2 quarts of corn meal, with about a pint of (thin) bread "sponge," and water enough to wet it. Mix in ½ pint of wheat flour, and a tablespoonful of salt. Let it rise, and then knead well the second time.—Bake 1½ hours."

Second prize, of $5, was awarded to Mr. Lott Cornelius, Locust Valley, Queens County, New York (Long Island), for a loaf made after the following formula:—

"Mix 2 quarts of new corn meal with 3 pints of warm water. Add 1 tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and 1 large tablespoonful of hop yeast. Let it stand in a warm place 5 hours, to rise. Then add ½ pint (or 1½ teacupfuls) of wheat flour, and ½ pint of warm water. Let it rise again 1½ hours; then pour it into a pan well greased with sweet lard, and let it rise a few minutes. Then bake in a moderately hot oven 1½ hours. It is *best* when hot."

Third prize, of $3, was awarded to Mrs. R. Franklin, Annapolis, Maryland, for a loaf made after the following formula:—

"Take 2 quarts of white corn meal, 1 tablespoonful of lard, 1 pint of hot water. Mix the lard in water; stir it well, that it may get heated thoroughly, and add ½ pint of cold water. When the mixture is cool enough, add 2 well beaten eggs, and 2 tablespoonfuls of home made yeast. Bake 1 hour, in a moderately heated oven. If for breakfast, make over night."

A prize of $4, for a corn meal cake, was awarded to Mrs. W. H. Jenks, Brooklyn, New York. The following is the direction:—

"Take 3 teacupfuls of corn meal, 1 teacupful of wheat flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together *while dry.* Add 1 teaspoonful of soda (or saleratus), dissolved in warm water. Mix the whole to a thin batter, and bake in a quick oven ½ hour. The same batter will bake quicker in patty-pans, or on a gridiron, like buckwheat cakes.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 33, 24, 8, 23, 7, 25, is the Goddess of Fortune.

My 38, 28, 33, 35, 21, is the Goddess of Health.

My 31, 14, 23, 39, 29, 4, is one of the sea deities.

My 33, 10, 36, 28, 17, 9, 5, is one of the Naiads.

My 25, 31, 6, 19, 35, 20, 16, 3, is one of the Pleiades.

My 15, 3, 27, 12, 4, 16, 21, is one of the infernal deities.

My 30, 23, 37, 5, is the mother of Romulus and Remus.

My 1, 2, 11, 34, 26, 14, is a name given to Semele.

My 18, 29, 26, 14, 38, is a son of Celus and Terra.

My 8, 13, 28, 25, is another name of Bacchus.

My whole is the wish of the writer.

Milwaukee, Wis. S. L. E.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 9, 11, 15, is a kind of animal.

My 11, 14, 7, 9, 6, is a slight coloring.

My 5, 2, 8, 11, is a kind of mansion.

My 10, 4, 14, is an animal.

My 10, 4, 5, 6, is to throw away.

My 1, 8, 7, 9, 6, is a name given to a religious person.

My 12, 8, 14, is a kind of stick.

My 9, 2, 12, 8, 7, 8, 7, 11, 9, is the name of a person.

My 11, 3, 12, 13, 14, is a member of a religious institution.

My whole is the name of an early discoverer.

EUREKA.

CHARADE.

My first is a sign of hesitation,
Diffidence, or slight catarrh;
My next is used for preservation—
The efforts of the thief to mar.

My whole you may in hedge rows see;
Yet be not over bold
To taste it; for it disagreed
With Socrates of old.

CHARADE.

My first is in winter the warmth you desire;
My second is cold to the touch;
Both together are cold, yet appear all on fire,
Which has puzzled philosophers much.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A river in North America.
A river in Europe.
A river in Europe.
A river in North America.
A river in South America.
A river in Europe.

The initials will form the name of a river in North America. GAHMEW.

SURVEYORS' QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have had occasion to measure and calculate a large and oblong square tract of land, of which I could not measure any of the sides from corner to corner, on account of various obstacles; although I could get to two of the corners themselves, which, however, lay diagonally opposite each other. Now to ascertain this tract, I commenced at the north-eastern corner, and ran up the tract in a slant south-westerly direction until I met the southern line, which was one of the longer sides; and found this just measured distance 170 perches, exact. From here I measured along this southern line, due west to the south west corner, and found this new distance to be 130 perches. Here, at this south-western corner, I had a view across the tract to the north-eastern corner, where I had started. Therefore measured direct for the said starting point, but after I had proceeded 96 perches I found that I possibly could get no further, nor could get any other satisfactory measurement of the tract, except that I here saw that if I could run out, from where I now stood, in a right angle from the end of these 96 perches just measured, I would meet the said southern and longer line in the exact point where I formerly had struck that line when I run up my former 170 perches measure. I therefore quit measuring and went to calculating, and how many acres do you say I found to be in the said so measured tract?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a selfish friend like the letter I? Ans.—Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

☞ Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Ans.—Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

☞ Why is a drunkard not a loose character? Ans.—Because if he's tight he can't be loose.

☞ Why ought paupers to be ingenious? Ans.—Because Necessity is the mother of Invention.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Tell me," said he, "do the enemy give way there? Tell me, for I cannot see." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Tiglath Pileser. RIDDLE.—Thought. REBUS.—America. Antigua, Mexico, Equador, Russian America, Ireland, Central America, Anguilla.) PROBLEM.—$147.85½.

Answer to my ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM of November 30.—A travelled 4 miles an hour; B travelled 3 miles an hour; and C is 330 miles distant from D. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to INTEREST QUESTION published November 2nd.—$4727.68 1-5.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

We must again remind our contributors we require them to send the answers with their enigmas, charades and riddles. Where answers are requested, we will wait four weeks before publishing the answer, so as to give those at a distance an opportunity of forwarding their solutions. EDITOR OF RIDDLER.